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GOOD-BY, BUT COME AGAIN!

BY JOS. F. MORAN.

The seasons come and disappear
With every fast succeeding year,
And as they pass who can withhold the fervent cry
of "Come again?"

Each brings its pleasure—each its pain;
When gone can mortal lips refrain
From uttering a heartfelt and a sad "Good-by,
But come again—sweet seasons, come again!"

And memory, too, plays well its part,
And by its light and magic art
How many happy scenes that long since had gone by
Do come again!
We see them in our fancy's glass
So clearly that whene'er they pass
It seems but yesterday! so bid them sad "Good-by,
But come again—in memory come again!"

In visions, too, we often see Bright forms of air and purity, auteous landscapes pictured to our dreamful

Oft come again;
Sometimes a glimpse of Heaven we get,
Like a diamond in a crown of jet!
And when from sleep awaking, we bid them sad
"Good-by,
But come again—sweet visions, come again!"

How sadly sweet it is to part
From those that's dearest to the heart,—
How sweet to hear fond lips remind us with a sigh,
To "Come again!"
While shades of sorrow cloud the face,—
As with a kiss and warm embrace
We're forced to bid a lingering and a sad "Good-by,
But come again—sweet love, come soon again."

Oath-Bound:

THE MASKED BRIDE

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "SHADOWED HEART," "SCARLET CRES

> CHAPTER IV. A BOLD RESOLVE.

A LONELY country roadside, at the gloam-A LONELY country roadside, at the gloaming, is perhaps not the most pleasant place to ride by one's self, particularly if that same lonesome self be a young, pretty girl, as young and pretty as Undine Del Rose, who, with her eyes glowing like twin stars, and her round, dusky cheeks flushing with a rich, scarlet bloom, was dashing along toward the railway station. Her good fortune had exceeded her wildest dreams; that she should compel proud Bertrand Haighte to take her hand in friendship at the very first interview, was news enough to make first interview, was news enough to make her heart beat joyously; as joyously it did beat, as she hastened on.

At the railway depot she returned the horse she had hired, purchased a ticket for New York, and then, as if impatient of quiet restfulness, paced to and fro on the long,

deserted platform. On her pretty hand shone the curious jewel, whose vivid scarlet veins reminded one of living blood, and Undine Del Rose caressed it with a sort of horrible triumph. A few moments later, and the long train came thundering on; halted a second, took this handsome dark girl, and a half-dozen other passengers, and then went speeding along again, now under dark tun-nels, now out into the shimmering starlight;

always winding, like a huge serpent of fire, along the soft-flowing Hudson.

It had told nine o'clock by Undine's tiny little Geneva watch, as she alighted at the city terminus, and looked, half inquiringly, half expectantly, about her. A gentleman, dressed in the prevailing

style, of engaging manners and fine appearance, came forward to meet her.

"Undine! I was afraid you would be unable to catch the train. I've been so longing to see you. It seems an age since this morning." Undine's face darkened, and she ignored

the extended hand. "It seems to me you are ever the one I am compelled to be welcomed by. Where

The fair blonde face flushed at the words. "Undine, my darling, do not speak so. I remember but one thing, and that is,

I detest you more thoroughly after this visit Pve paid than I ever did before." Her eyes sparkled like beads of jet under a brilliant lamplight, as they thus exchanged salutations in a low, whispering mono-

'Here is the carriage, Undine: Mrs. St.

Havens sent it. Perhaps Undine Del Rose did not notice it, in her haughty wrath, but Clifford Tem-ple's voice was cold and careless when he spoke; but she certainly did observe that he never offered his hand, as was his wont delightedly to do, as she stepped into the

Your manners seem to have flown with your welcome. Undine glanced sideways at him, never

fearing but that a few pet words from her could drive away the shadows from his face, as she had done a dozen times before, But to-night Undine Del Rose had spoken

careless words that had estranged a heart that loved her. And how often do we do

the very selfsame thing!
It was with a new sensation—one of curiosity to know what to make of this strange disposition on Clifford Temple's part, and of fear lest she had really destroyed the love she had thought to trifle with—that Undine Del Rose leaned back in the satin cushions of Mrs. St. Havens' elegant brougham, and watched her lover from under her vailing

"Is that so? I must confess that the rather cool reception I received may have served to damp them."

He just glanced at her, and Undine won-dered if it would quite kill her to have Clif-ford Temple cease to love her? and yet,

With a faint wail of anguish, she slid down to the soft carpet, unconscious and still.

woven into the woof of that thought, was a remembrance of Bertrand Haighte's hand-

some face and courtly air. "Perhaps you would not care to hear of my adventures since I left you yesterday Undine spoke very indifferently, but the gentleman's cool reply was quite as care-

Well, I can not say that I have any particular desire to learn them. Just as you please, however. By-the-by, I just recollect an engagement at ten o'clock. You'll exme. Undine.

He called to the coachman to rein in his horses at the corner, then, with a nod and a touch of his hat to Undine, he sprung out, and went up the avenue.

She gazed after him, her eyes full of wonderment; a smile of challenging triumph, as though he had not dared measure lances with her, rose to her lips, and then she leaned lazily back among the cushions, as the carriage bowled rapidly up the silent ave-

Beyond an occasional illy-concealed smile that half displayed her little white teeth, she did not betray her thoughts during that ride home, and when the carriage stopped at the elegant mansion on Lexington avenue, she sprung out unassisted, and with a pleasant "All right, Martin," ran up the steps to the

curtained inner door. A lady met her, just as she laid her hand on the silver handle—a matronly, stylish roman, with a brilliant smile, and keen,

She caught Undine's hand as they met. "My dear, I am so thankful you have re turned. You can't imagine how worried I have been. Come right up to my room, to warm you. Isn't it remarkably chilly for an October night?"

Undine kissed the clear white forehead. "I am sorry you have fretted; I have had a delightful time, and found all of the Halls well—Lida especially."
"But where's Mr. Temple? He left the house in the brougham."

Mrs. St. Havens, I don't know where he

There was a suddenly-forced hauteur in Undine's words that attracted the lady's atention; and as they had just reached the upper landing, she turned abruptly around, and looked at the beautiful flushed face. 'Have you had another lover's quarrel?

Tell me. Undine."

She laughed. You seem quite agitated over so trivial an affair. Yes, we have had a slight coolness, hardly a quarrel. He's altogether too devoted, Mrs. St. Havens. I told him so, and the consequence was, Mr. Temple remembered an engagement must be attended to, and left me to my own pleasant society."
Mrs. St. Havens walked slowly into the

splendid apartment she called "her room. A large front chamber, covered with royal velvet carpeting; adorned with rich pink plush and silver furniture; decorated by bijous of all kinds; all combining to form a picture that was the perfect embodiment of extreme wealth, taste, and luxurious habits.

After the door had closed behind them, Mrs. St. Havens turned again to Undine

but with so strangely altered an expression on her fine features, that the girl uttered an involuntary cry. "Heavens and earth! Mrs. St. Havens, what is the matter?" Well might she ask, as she gazed upon the

ashen white lips, the pale, deathly face; the eyes, so full of tremor and dismay. "There is nothing the matter. I am only suffering in my mind a portion of the agony you will endure if you love Clifford Temple Undine Del Rose, beware how you trifle with him; for, beside loving you, he has you in his power. And not only you, but me, me, Mrs. St. Havens!"

She almost screamed the last words; and

incredulous smile slowly gathered on

"Surely you are excited beyond your knowledge. Of course, you are either mistaken, or alarmed needlessly."

"I wish to Heaven I were! But, I tell you, Undine Del Bose, that the day that sees you and Clifford Temple enemies witnesses— Ah, I dare not speak the horrible words! But, girl, girl! as you value your

earthly happiness, as you value my welfare, oh, be careful how you offend him!"

Pale from agitation, Mrs. St. Havens sunk

into the chair near by, while Undine stood, darklingly brilliant, defiantly beautiful, be-

"It may all be true. I will not doubt but you mean all you say. And yet, Mrs. St. Havens, I freely confess to you that I have ceased to care for Clifford Temple. To-day met my destiny; the only man I ever saw whom I loved, worshiped, the moment I saw him. If he had asked me, I'd have married him on the spot." A sudden flush flamed over Mrs. St.

Oh, Undine, how can you? But you must crush it; you must forget this stranger, whoever he is. Undine, you must marry Clifford Temple.

Then the girl laughed; a low ripple of tantalizing melody. "But if I love this other, this god among

'You mustn't ever allow yourself to think of it. Oh, Undine, believe me; heed my warning! I never told you before, for I fondly hoped to see you united to Clifford without any knowledge of the dread secret, that never could have added to your happiness. But when I saw you come without him to-night, oh, my heart sunk within me!" "You are not so brave as I. And if the fate of ten million worlds hung on my decision, I would not hesitate to marry this

glorious stranger, if those worlds were eternally lost therefor! Mrs. St. Havens buried her face in her hands; and a silence ensued, almost painful

in its intensity "Who is this other?" she asked, hesi-The answer came prompt and proud from

Undine's lips.
"Bertrand Haighte, of The Towers."
"Merciful God, forbid it!"

Mrs. St. Havens sprung wildly from her chair, her eyes fairly glaring from their sockets, her fair hands beating against the air, as if to drive away the words.
"Unsay them, oh, Undine, unsay those

your sin, that this awful calamity is sent upon us? That you ever went to the Halls would have seen him?"

With a faint wail of anguish, she slid down to the soft carpet, unconscious and

After Undine had summoned the maid, and seen Mrs. St. Havens at rest, she ascended the stairs to her own room; and there, with starry eyes, looked at her reflection in the mirror.

"Yes, Undine Del Rose, you are fairly started on your career of adventure! Never give up, no matter what may come, until you have accomplished the solitary object of your lonely life, to which all other aims shall bend! Never till you are the bride of Bertrand Haighte will your work be accomlished. And it shall be accomplished, by fair means or foul, or Undine Det Rose will. die in the attempt

CHAPTER V.

LURLINE'S LOVE

BERTRAND HAIGHTE stood, almost a petrified man, looking at, not seeing, the graceful fleeting form of the bewildering girl, as she

dashed down the rocky path leading from The Towers to the main road.

The twilight was rapidly gathering, and from the windows of Edenwilde, that lay nesding so lovingly on the greensward at the foot of the hills, he saw faint, twinkling lights, now in one apartment, now in another, and at last shining like a calm beacon-

light in Crystel's room. A bitter mood was upon him, and a keen anguish was in his heart as he looked at the bright point he had so often watched in happier moments, as the signal for him to

How the world was changed since last the soothing dusk-shadows had fallen! Tonight, instead of the low, murmurous music of the Hudson as it softly laved the base of the hills, came a dull, sullen sound, as if to reprove him and discourage him. The reprove him and discourage him. The hills, ever his glory and delight in the grand dignity of silent, solemn restfulness, now appeared to rise grimly, savagely up in the darkness, like bold, triumphant fingers point-

ing out his misery. Hard And For several moments he stood in the large marble-floored rotunda, watching and won-dering if all the joy of his life was gone out; then, as the bells of The Towers began to ring the hour of eight, he turned with a chilled shiver, half of cold, half of inward nervousness, and re-entered the warm, light library where Undine Del Rose had left a faint, sweet, rare perfume lingering in the

With a gesture of disgust he threw up the

'The sooner I forget her the better! And yet, what wondrous eyes she had!" And with the strange inconsistency of man, he took the best way of forgetting Undine Del Rose: that of brooding over-

her strange, witching charms. Yet, his very heart was aching to burst-ing while he thought of Crystel Roscoe; and he was ever thinking of her, even while the dark eyes and crimson lips of her who had stricken them was floating before his

memory's eyes. A long, long while he sat there, his senses half-fascinated by that subtly fragrant odor that persistently lingered around him; with a tenderness, it seemed to him, and he grew angry with himself at the imaginative

And while he sat there, yet grieving and striving to see light ahead for him and Crystel, he became suddenly aware that there was a delightful commotion at the door; the next moment, his grand, stately mother and haughtily elegant sister entered the library, bringing in their garments the sweet, cool freshness of the night air; and the night air on the high lands is blissfulness to breathe. Bertrand sprung to welcome them, an apology on his lips.

You need to ask forgiveness, you naughty boy, for not coming to the city to meet us. If it had not been that we were carried perforce, by Mrs. Judge Temple to her residence, I should have telegraphed to you. As it was, her son accompanied us, and saw us safely on the train.'

The aristocratic lady kissed her handsome boy, then sunk weariedly down in a capacious arm-chair.

"Sit down, my dear; Bertrand, just close the window. I am so very fatigued. I really do not see how we would have managed had it not been for young Mr. Temple. He was very handsome, don't you think so, Lena?"

Miss Haighte carelessly twirled the rings on her finger, but a hightened color flamed for one brief second on her marble-white face, used as she was to guarding her

thoughts from any one's eyes.
"Yes, I think he is very handsome. He was agreeable and gentlemanly, not at all presuming in his attentions."

"That is an unusual compliment for you to pay, Lena. Perhaps Gussic will favor this stranger with a less flattering opin-

Bertrand laid his hand caressingly on his

youngest sister's head; she was the pet of the household, and Bertrand idolized her.

She looked saucily up in his face.

"Do you suppose I am going to tell my secret impression of Mr. Clifford Temple?

Not I, brother mine. I will leave that to Lurline. By the way, Bertie, how could we have neglected to inquire after Hellice Roscoe and darling little Crystel? We came home a fortnight earlier than we expected

to, to prepare for your wedding."

A sudden cold shiver thrilled over Bertrand; he looked out at the window into

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the dense darkness, striving to hide the pallor he felt creeping over his face.
"She is well, Gussie, mia. And the rest of the Roscoes, too. I was there to-day, as usual."

He spoke naturally, wondering to himself why he did not tell them the strange events of the day. Something deterred him; and he obeyed the silent inpulse.

"We are going back to New York to-morrow for a couple of days, said Lena; "perhaps you and Crystel will go? She has such equisite taste in selecting goods. The cards are not out yet, to hinder either of you."

"I certainly have no objection."

of you."
"I certainly have no objection,"
He murnified the words very indifferently, Mrs. Haighte thought, and his sisters.
But they made no remarks thereon.
"Then, please ride over to Edenwilde

early in the morning, and bring Crystel and Hellice back." Pretty, imperious Gussie kissed her hand

to her brother, and then went, singing a gay tune, up the stairs. Mrs. Haighte followed, bidding her son good-night, leaving Lurline alone with her

'I did not want to speak before them, Bertrand, but I must tell you. Oh, brother, I have met the one at last! I loved him as soon as I saw him; am I unmailenly, Bertrand? I knew you would sympathize with me if any one would, because you are so happy in the love of little Crystel Roscoe."

He almost groaned, but Lurline did not

perceive it. Unmaidenly, my stately sister! I can not imagine a Haighte, a woman of our family being that. No, my dear Lena, to love is never unwomanly, provided the loved one be an idol worthy of worship. Who is this Mr. Temple ?"

Somehow as his lips uttered this name, there stole across his senses that same sweet fragrance again, and Lurline noted it. "He carries that same perfume. Isn't it glorious? Le Del Rose, he called it, when I remarked its sweetness."

Bertrand started.
"Del Rose! That was her name! Strange." Lurline's low, confidential voice broke the reverie he was falling into.
"His name is most beautiful—Clifford

Temple. He is so grand and elegant; far different from the other men I have been in contact with all this long, dreary summer. I can not tell you more, save that he is the only idolized son of his widowed mother; rich and aristocratic."

Her voice incllowed down to a happy whisper; and Bertrand stooped and kissed

"Good-night, Lurline. Dream of him, sister dear, and if he be worthy, and love

you as you love him, all will be well."
Then, after she had left him with her weet secret, Bertrand sat, long after Undine Del Rose had made her vow to win him long after Crystel Roscoe had extinguished her light and had sobbed herself to an unquiet slumber in Hellice's true arms.

He was wondering what to say, what to do, when he went to Edenwilde on the mor row morning, as he was expected to do

And, with Crystel's white, rounded face, and Undine's haunting eyes floating alter-nately before him, he sat and mused, alone with the silent midnight and his own sad thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FINAL RENUNCIATION.

THE family at Edenwilde had just arisen from the breakfast-table, as Bertrand Haighte's card was handed to Crystel.

General Roscoe had passed from the breakfast-parlor into his private study beyond, and did not see the look of unutterable agony that rushed to Crystel's face as she turned to Hellice. "I can not see him. You will tell him.

Tell him it is cruel to come here;

Hellice gently stopped her sister's excited

"It would be far better, poor little one, that you should see him. Perhaps he can explain—perhaps that is his errand."
A sudden radiance leaped to Crystel's face, and she caught her sister's hand ex-

citedly "Hellice! do you think he has come for that? oh, my heart seems stopping at the bare suggestion! What can he have ridden over for, thus early, unless it be to make it

all right? Then, darting by her sister, she almost flew into the sunny parlor, where Bertrand awaited her

'Oh, Bertrand, tell me quickly that you have come to explain this awful mystery that is keeping us apart! Tell me, dearest, She wound her two clinging arms around

his neck, and he felt her rapid, irregular breathing on his face. For a moment he held her in a painfully fierce embrace, then

"Oh, my poor darling, my suffering, lov-ing little one, I would to God that were my

A cry, fraught with agony, fell from her lips, and she staggered away from him to He followed her, yet afar off.

'My lips are sealed, Crystel. How dare I prove recreant to the trust imposed on me before my birth? Oh, my darling, my darling, won't you have mercy on me, on your-self, and let me have you for my own, regardless of this past trouble?"

But Florian," she murmured, faintly. A fierce pang reminded him of it. True, there was Florian. In the excitement of se ing her, and the witchery that Undine Del Rose had cast about him, he had forgotten why he dared not marry her; forgotten the very cause of all his troubles. But he remembered it now, with renewed

sorrow. "I would I had died before to-day," he exclaimed, passionately, pacing to and fro, and gazing upon Crystel's bowed head.

"No: live to avert this shadowing sor-Mr. Haighte, am I intruding?" It was Hellice Roscoe's sweet, womanly voice; a voice whose very sound inspired one with courage. He grasped her hands

vehemently "If I might set us all right, I'd live a hundred years in the loneliest dungeon at The Towers. Oh, Hellice, sister Hellice, I am afraid she will die, and all because I have

dared love her." "That is wrong, Bertrand. You love Crystel; she loves you—nay, my sister, do not raise your head so imploringly for me to cease; let me do what I believe to be my duty. Let us all do our duty, and God will see to the issue. Yes, my dear Bertrand. you have loved in innocence and happiness and now, because sudden clouds darken

your landscape, and unseen chasms debar your progress, you must not sit down and

"And what can I do? All the efforts to all man can put forth cell not undo the Hellice smiled.

Hellice smiled.

"I have thought this mysterious affair all over. Last night, in the silence and darkness, I watched the glimmer of light in the library windows at The Towers, and decided that it is wrong to allow such grief to kill you and her, without making an honest effort to remove it. I, for one, dear Bertrard, am willing to help you. May I !!"

The young man looked at her in a sort of

The young man looked at her in a sort of bewildered pity. "Have you any idea of what you are to

"Not now. But, can not your mother, when she learns this family secret from you, be able—

Bertrand sprung to his feet. "Tell a female the contents of that letter I swore never to reveal? that no mortal ear, save the oldest son, and the executor of the estate, ever heard since there existed a Haighte? Hellice, that were an impossibility. That would bring down on my mother's head a most awful curse."

Hellice looked seriously at him.
"I may be wrong, but I think, were I you, for love's sake, I'd risk it." She smiled kindly at him, then withdrew from the room.

Neither spoke for several minutes; then t was Crystel who broke the oppressive si-

"Bertrand, I have but one favor to ask of you. Will you grant it? Promise me, on your solemn word." She laid her white, trembling hand on his

"I'll swear to any thing you ask, my dar-

"Then please don't come to Edenwilde any more. Oh, Bertrand, I see plainly I must give you up. I must steel my heart to my fate, Bertrand. I never will accept your my fate, Bertrand. I never will accept your hand, even if you explain this mystery; because if, by so doing, you bring a curse on your mother, what pleasure would such a dearly-bought privilege bring us? No, Bertrand, your first love, your best allegiance, is to your mother. I can suffer for you, my darling, if not with you. Now, Bertrand, you see I am strong and brave; please say good-by, just as any friend would do, and then go away. I will explain to papa; you to Mrs. Haighte, and Lurline, and Gussie."

She was trembling from head to foot, despite her pitiful attempt to appear composed, and her lover gazed at her, his heart throbbing madly.

oing madly.

He suddenly caught her in his arms, and pressed hot kisses on her pale face, her quivering lips; then, as if he feared his own violence might frighten her, he reverently

laid his hands on her fair head.
"I have sworn, my darling; and because a Haighte never yet was false to his word, is the reason why I this day give you up, forever and forever!

There was no haste in his movements as he departed; he seemed suddenly petrified. He felt no sorrow, no regret, no disquiet, only this horrible stillness that was not restfulness, this painful calmness that was not

So he went home, and met Gussie on the 'Is she coming? Where's Hellice and

Then he remembered why he had gone to Edenwilde "Oh, it is impossible for them to leave

home to-day."
Gussie's pretty face clouded. "Never mind, sister mia, that's next best, isn't it?"

Again he locked the news between his lips that must be told soon. But he thought of the two days that were as days of grace him, before his family would be compelled to learn the truth; and he decided to wait until their return to The Towers

If he had but spoken! if he had but known, but thought! In after days he remembered it, and wondered why he was permitted to follow his own way.

CHAPTER VII. ONE DAY.

BERTRAND HAIGHTE tried in vain to analyze his feelings as he rode along in the wift-flying train that morning, with his beautiful sisters and stately mother.

Lurline and Gussie were chatting away on some light, joyous subjects; Lena with her sweet, grave face irradiated with a deli-cate scarlet bloom as they neared the place where she would see the one she had so

uddenly learned to love. Bertrand's thoughts puzzled him. First, he was alarmed to find how vividly those witching, liquid eyes seemed ever peering into his own; he was ashamed that his heart was not broken because of Crystel Roscoe; he wondered if Clifford Temple and Le Del Rose, and Undine, were any way connected? and finally, he could not understand how it was that his mother and sisters were on their way to purchase articles for his marriage, when the bride-elect was no

more to him than any stranger. Then, by some curious lightning speed of reasoning, he thought perhaps, after all, he would see the splendid girl who held such a romantic hold on him; he might love her he blushed at the audacity of his unspoken thoughts-Crystel refused to marry him: the wedding might still be, with a change of

And as the long train steamed into the depot, he sprung from his seat, vexed and mortified that he had given such free rein to his imagination!

"We are to drive to Mrs. Temple's. We promised her this visit." And so they rode straight on to their fate -Bertrand Haighte and Lurline!

Mrs. Temple met the party in her elegant reception-saloon. I am delighted to meet your son, Mrs. Haighte," she said, as Bertrand was present-"I am sure my boy, Clifford, will be as pleased to meet him. And now, after lunch,

we will go on a shopping tour; then call on Mrs. St. Havens; then through the Boulevard home to dinner; after that to hear Nilsson. Is my programme agreeable?" An answer was prevented by the entrance

of a gentleman. Mrs. Temple arose. "This is my son. Mr. Clifford, Mr.

Haighte. Temple advanced to exchange greetings and Bertrand instantly detected that same sweet, nameless fragrance that Undine had left after her. He longed to ask him, but pride forbade All that afternoon, while Lurline was so

perfectly happy in the society of Clifford, Bertrand was restlessly watching every passing stage and carriage for a glimpse of that radiant, flushed face. Several times Clifford rallied him on his abstractedness,

but Gussie always excused him.
"He is lonely away from his betrothed,
Mr. Temple. Wouldn't you be perfectly
disconsolate?"

"If the lady were so charming as your-elves. I would certainly suffer terribly." And while Gussie was laughing so merri-And white Gussie was laughing so merrily, Temple-would steal a glance at Lurline
that made her cheeks bloom gloriously.

"And now for Mrs. St. Havens."

They drove up, and Bertrand alighted,
little thinking he was to meet his fate within those walls.

The footman announced that the lady in
mestion was not at home but that Miss

question was not at home, but that Miss Undine Del Rose was in.

Bertrand's listless ears caught the sound, and his heart leaped to his throat.

Mrs. Temple turned to Mrs. Haighte.

"We need not go in, then?"

Bertrand interposed, with apparently indifferent manner, but wildly-throbbing heart.

"Perhaps Lena and Gussie are fatigued riding and wish to alight."

But Lurline was only too happy to sit there on the carriage seat forever, with Cliftord Temple beside her; she did not say so, however, but implied her present comfort. Gussie was in an impatient mood for the Boulevard, and so Bertrand could do no more than glance at the house, take its number, and be driven away. And, during these five minutes of debate, Undine Del Rose was peeping from behind the lace curricular of her room with fleshing eves and tains of her room, with flashing eyes, and triumphant smile; her proud heart beating as it was seldom wont to beat, as she looked down on the man she already worshiped

As the carriage drove away, she drew a

long breath of relief.
"What can be more fortunate than that
Mrs. St. Havens is from home? If she had seen Bertrand, what might have happened? She was leaning against the snowy-white rep of her lounging chair, and her scarletstained cheeks, and jetty hair, streaming over neck and rounded bosom; her glowing,

sparkling eyes, made a rare, Orientally arm, picture.
"He has come to me; he must learn to love, be the result what it may. He will come again, I feel sure; to-night I think. The fates favor me, for Mrs. St. Havens will be absent till Saturday—Oh, Bertrand Haighte, I'd sell my very soul for your love—such love as I feel for you !"

It has come to me; he must learn to me; he must learn to me; he must like the message to me; the message to me; he must learn to me; he must like the message to me; he must learn to message the message to message the message to message the message that the message that the message that message the message that the message that the message that message the message that the

It had gradually grown dusky, as she sat there, her dark, passionate eyes partly vailed by their heavy lashes, her small hands, as perfect as nature ever molded, crossed on her breast, in an attitude of exquisite, dreamy reverie.

Presently she arose, and lighted the gas: then rung for her maid to arrrange her toi-

Confident in her expectation of meeting Bertrand Haighte, and conscious of her beauty, as also her determination to lay siege to his heart, she selected her most becoming

It was a black grenadine, full of shimmering waves of darkness; her beautiful neck and arms shone through the gossamer covering, and a heavy golden chain and cross was clasped about the round throat.

Her hair was dressed as she invariably wore it; floating like a cloud down to her slender waist, and tied with a glowing scar-let ribbon. She was magnificent as she stood before the pier glass, and adjusted the broad, scarlet silken sash; and as she heard the door bell ring, a brilliant smile hovered on her lips. She listened to his footsteps as he entered the parlor; then after several seconds of silent waiting she went in, bewildering, glorious in her dark tropical beauty "Mr. Haighte! I am so surprised, so de

She went up to him, both hands extended. He arose, his senses dazzled; his heart throbbing, and took her hands, not relin-

And I am the happiest of all men to be He led her to the sofa, and then let go his hold of her hands. I called this afternoon with Mr. Temple,

but Mrs. Temple and the other ladies concluded to await the return of Mrs. St. He looked down at her expressive face; uddenly she raised her eye

"I saw you, Mr. Haighte. I knew you He had fully intended watching to see if she betrayed any especial knowledge of young Temple; but her answer thrilled him with so delightful a sensation that he forgot

"And why did you know it, Undine Del Rose ? "No, call me Undine, please, and I will

He caressed the shapely fingers that were lying so temptingly near his own.
"Then, Undine, why did you know I

would come?" Her hand trembled, and he knew it; and he realized how infatuated he was becoming, yet he wooed the temptation.

surely your heart would tell you.' smiled in his eyes, that same smile that had haunted him ever since that first

"It did tell me, Undine, my beautiful one. And now I am here, to see you, to hear you He almost said "to love you!"

"And you do not quite hate me for the part my duty compelled me to play? Oh, Mr. Haighte, I was so afraid you'd despise He slipped his arm around her waist.

"Despise you, Undine? How can you say it, when I've thought but of you since I saw you? Undine, you beautiful temptress, do you know you are making the veriest slave of me? He was toying with the soft hair that

floated across his lips.
"Oh, Mr. Haighte, I would not do that, I'm sure. But, I'm so glad you like me."
She looked so tenderly at him, he could with difficulty refrain from snatching kisses from those proud, curved lips. "Mr. Temple is a very agreeable host, is

he not? She asked him the question. "Yes, a perfect gentleman. You are great friends, I believe?"

He was half-jealous already, lest it might be more than friendship.

Undine arched her brow with a pretty,

impatient gesture. "Y-es. That is, Clifford and Mrs. St. Havens are—Mrs. St. Havens is my lady bountiful, you know; I am a mere charity

dependent; one of her freaks, I imagine-I think she means to marry him one day, in fact, I know it." How carelessly she told it to him, "How carelessly she told the to bill, and when he arose to bid her good-night, he felt so relieved; and yet—poor Eurline!

"You'll come again?"

She laid her hand on his arm,

"Will you ride with me to the Park in the morning?"

"I should be delighted. Then I will say good-night." ood-night."
She smiled as she spoke, but Bertrand aughingly took her hand and drew her to

"Let me kiss you, Undine. May I?"
She flushed deliciously; then a sudden dignity came to her, for she loved this man.
"Not yet, Mr. Haighte—Bertrand."
She murmured his name in a low, melodious whisper, that was music in his ears long after he sought his pillow that night. And all this while, not a thought of Crys-

Poor fellow! was he really so much to blame? (To be continued-Commenced in No. 53.)

HA! HA! HA!

A friend who "reads the papers," and well knows what he reads, says of three or four of our humorous writers:

"I like Washington Whitehorn. Some of his papers are certainly up to Mark Twain, and are far above the average standard of current humor. "Beat Time 'improves with age,' and is a jolly fellow, making smiles at will, apparently. He beats

Time in a most ludicrous way. "M. T. Head is a humorist we should hear from oftener. If his is an empty head, what must it be

when 'tis full? "As to Joe Jot, Jr., he is scandalously free with his rhymes, and really is an original fellow. Not a jot or tittle of what he writes do we care to lose." Since our friend's writing we have arranged for special contributions from A. W. Griswold, "The Fat Contributor." of fame famous. He is a fortyhorse power at manufacturing a laugh.

Of M. T. Head we shall soon give a "square" meal of Head Cheese, and every guest may prepare beforehand for lost buttons.

It is now conceded that no journal published in America offers so much original wit, humor and ludicrous sayings as this

" MOST ENJOYABLE OF THE WEEKLIES."

The Blackfoot Queen:

OLD NICK WHIFFLES IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Sequel to "The Phantom Princess." BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAVE VISIT. NICK WHIFFLES was not a man to cultivate the niceties of speech, and when he came in the presence of Ned Mackintosh he quickly uttered the words that were upon the end of his tongue.

"I see'd Woo-wol-na, and he tells me that

"WHAT!" demanded the young man, recoiling and staring at him, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"That's what he says, but I don't believe it; cuss his picter!"

The lover drew a sigh of relief.
"How you startled me! Tell me all you have learned about it."

The hunter then proceeded to relate what the reader has already learned, adding:
"He said that Miona died a week ago,
and was buried near the village, and if I wanted him, he would show me her grave

What did you say to the scoundrel? "It come on me so sudden like, that I b'l'eved it, and started to see you; but as I come through the woods, I had time to think of it, and I made up my mind he had told me the biggest kind of a lie."

"But, Nick, may be they have killed her, rather than let her fall into the hands of her

friends," said the horrified Mackintosh, who could searcely control his emotions. "A week ago! why that was the day she met "Jess so; and that's why I know she isn't dead—leastwise of no disease. Thar's this about it: they've been expecting me, and the cunning old varmint has got up the story to put me off the track, thinking that

would give up all hope of gettin her, and leave her to become the wife of Red Bear, seein' as you was out of the way."
"Do you think Miona is in the viilage?" "No; she can't be now, at least."

Where is she?" "I don't know; Woo-wol-na has took her to some place and left her in the keeping of some one—where she's goin' to stay till they think there's no danger of my looking any more for her, and then she'll be turned over to Red Bear.'

Heavens!" exclaimed the excited Mackintosh, "what an outrage! I wish I had an army to wipe out that nest. What pleasure it would give me to do it! How are we going to find where she is?"
"I think it can be done," replied Whif-

fles, with his old confidential manner. "If she is kept as a sort of prisoner somewhere, I s'pose she will be visited by Red

"Exactly, and all we've got to do is to watch the varmint, or some of the rest, and That's it!" exclaimed Ned, quite delighted; "after all it may be the best thing

in the world for us, and make it all the more easy for us to get her out of their clutches.' All very well—but this sort of work has got to be done mostly by Calamity and me, fur when you're tryin' to find the trail of a wolf, and a pack of wolves are huntin' fur your own trail, there's apt to be a condemned diffikilty in the way.

It had been gradually growing darker while the men were talking, and they now sat down in the wood, close to each other, where their words would not be likely to attract the attention of any who might be

They had plenty of food with them, but both were too excited to think of food or drink. They could only discuss the unexpected phase which the matter had taken, and the best way of overcoming the obsta-cles that now were in their path.

Further thought only served to convince Nick Whiffles of the truth of the suspicion he had expressed regarding Woo-wol-na. A man who understood Indian character as well as did he, could hardly be expected to make a mistake in such a matter.

He knew that the hearts of both father and son were set upon gaining this priceless jewel as their own, and they were ready to do any thing to accomplish that purpose. Nick had doubted the honesty of the Blackfoot chief at the time he made the promise years before and he had now not a particle of doubt of his intended treachery.

There was one advantage gained by the whites. The manner of Nick when he received the startling announcement from Woo-wel-na was such as to convince the chief that his words were believed, and consequently that all attempts would be given over by the friends of Miona, looking to the obtaining possession of her.

Nick determined to work upon this vantage-ground, and, with characteristic sagacity, he resolved to confirm the Blackfoot in He knew that the hearts of both father

city, he resolved to confirm the Blackfoot in this impression. He told Ned, that on the morrow he would visit the village again, would ask to see the spot where Miona was buried, and would so act as to remove all suspicion from the mind of their enemy. "I b'l'eve the old sarpent will be looking for me to-night," said he. "I come away in such a hurry that I didn't think any of 'em got a chance to foller me, but they will be on the look-out to-night."

"They certainly can not discover us in such a count of the wey place as this."

such an out-of-the-way place as this,"
"Not if we take care of ourselves—so
I'll just pull the boat up out the way where

they won't be likely to run ag'in' us."

Stooping down, the trapper drew the canoe clear up on the grass, so that none of it rested in the water at all. He had scarcely done so, when Calamity

gave utterance to a low, ominous growl.

"Sh!" whispered his master; "we haven't been none too soon. What is it pup?"

The dog added one or two mutterings, so faint they were barely audible, but they were sufficient for Nick, for they told him

were sufficient for Nick, for they told film that Indians were close at hand.

Inclining his ear, the trapper now detected the faint dip of paddles—so faint indeed as to prove that the red-skins were advancing with unusual caution, and that at that moment they were near. Nick made a gesture of silence, and Calamity instantly became as one dead, while, as a matter of course Ned did not stir. course, Ned did not stir.

Whiffles reached the edge of the water,

on his hands and knees, and carefully peered out in the darkness. The gloom was too great for him to see with any distinctness, but guided by his sense of hearing, he many aged to discern the outlines of a shadowy boat, moving very slowly up-stream, and only a few feet away from land. As it came directly abreast, he observed four Indians

arrectly abreast, he observed four Indians seated in it.

At this precise point, they halted, so near that he could have tossed his hat into the boat, and then they exchanged a few words. As they used their own tongue, and were so close, Nick had no difficulty in comprehending their words, which, liberally interpreted were as follows: preted, were as follows:
"He came up the river, and the trappers

said he had a companion with him."
"Did you find where he went?"
"We lost him in the wood, but he lingers

"He is the friend of Woo-wol-na?" "But the enemy of Red Bear."
Nick Whiffles recognized Red Bear himself as the one who uttered this last remark. and it proved that he and his three companions were seeking himself and Mackintosh, unsuspicious of his real identity, for the

purpose of putting them out of the way, and ending all trouble regarding Miona. The Blackfeet exchanged a few words more of speculation upon the whereabouts of the two men, and then they gradually

drifted down-stream beyond hearing.
What Nick Whiffles had seen and heard
now fully decided his course. He had not a particle of doubt that Miona had been removed from the village and was held a close prisoner in some lodge or place at no great distance, and before any thing could be done in rescuing her it was necessary to ascertain where this place was.

Furthermore, it was evident that the Blackfeet were not convinced of the success of their stratagem in making it appear that their captive was dead, and Red Bear, the one among them most interested, had resolved on putting out of the way the old friend of his father, and the companion who was with him.

Hence, as preliminary to any step in this business, it was necessary to throw dust in the eyes of the Blackfeet; and this Nick Whiffles determined to do effectually and at He determined, therefore, at the earliest break of day on the morrow, boldly to enter the Blackfoot village alone, and there ask of Woo-wol-na to see the grave where Miona was buried. Then it was his purpose to affect such a belief in her demise, as would

effectually deceive the Indians.

After which, working with his usual caution and skill, Nick believed himself compe-tent to detect the hiding-place of Micna; then, he and Ned would engage in the "tag This course of action agreed upon, the old trapper returned to the edge of the river to watch and listen for the return of the Indian canoe, but he heard nothing of it, and con-

cluded that it had crossed over and descended upon the opposite side As there was no likelihood of being discovered, they then lay down to rest, Calamity as before acting the part of sentinel. He secured all the sleep he wished through the day, so that it was no deprivation or hardship for him to keep awake during the night, even though his years were beginning to press rather heavily upon him.

The slumbers of both were undisturbed, and both awoke, much refreshed and in good spirits. Ned Mackintosh especially found himself the possessor of a pleasant degree of hopefulness in great contrast to his sensations of the day before.

The last of their food was eaten, and by the time the sun had fairly risen, Nick was paddling down-stream, with a slowness that became one engaged upon such a sad expedition as was he.

The first persons he encountered upon landing at the village, were Woo-wol-na and Red Bear, who stood together talking earnestly upon some subject. At sight of the visitor they instantly ceased. Nick Whiffles' knowledge of human nature was too great for the young Blackfoot to hide his vindictive hatred of the man who was seeking the prize that he had come to be-

lieve belonged to him alone. Woo-wol-na, on the contrary, was quite gracious in his manner, and seemed to enterain a genuine regard for the old hunter, who so many years before had done him such valuable service when hard pressed by his enemies; but, savage-like, his whole in-terests were wrapped up in those of his son, and he was prepared to sacrifice any thing



or anybody who stood in the way of their accomplishment.

Nick greeted him in the usual formal manner customary at such times, and then questioned him regarding the death of

How long since did it occur? Of what character did her disease appear to be? How long was she sick? Did she seem to suffer much? Did she leave any parting

suffer much? Did she leave any parting messages for her friends?

These inquiries were all made for the purpose of deceiving the chief into the belief of their sincerity.

The reply in substance was that she had died a week before. The symptoms, as he described them, were those of a violent fever, short and occasioning great suffering. fever, short and occasioning great suffering. The medicine-man of the village had done all that was possible for her, and her death was sincerely mourned by the entire village, who were all attached to her. As her mind was wandering during the entire time of her sickness, she left no tangible message for any of her pale-faced friends who might

Then Nick stated that he would like to visit her grave before carrying word to her home many miles away. Woo-wol-na vol-unteered at once to lead him to it, and the

As is well known, it is the frequent custom of the Indians of the North-west to bury their dead above ground—that is by placing them upon a sort of scaffold, where they are carefully wrapped up and left to decay by the action of time and the ele-ments. This is often done, but, at the same time, as many, if not more, are placed be-neath the sod, more after the manner of civ-

Woo-wol-na conducted the visitor to beautiful spot about a tenth of a mile distant, where there was the appearance of a newly-made grave, where he said Miona had been buried amid the lamentations of all the warriors and maidens of his tribe.

Then, with unexpected deference, the old chief withdrew and left him alone with his

Knowing that he was carefully observing him all this time, the trapper affected a great deal more of grief than he felt, and when he had remained a proper time, he bade the grave farewell, and was escorted to the village by the chief, where he embarked in his canoe again, and started up-river. Ned was taken in in a secret manner, and by lying down in the cance was not observed by the lynx-eyed Blackfeet watching the trapper far on his way. The shrewd old man so well knew that he would thus be under surveillance, that he resolved to return all the way to his cabin and thus disarm the red scoundrels of all suspicion both of Ned's existence and of his (Nick's) own want of faith in their story regarding Miona's death.

He chuckled with a satisfaction so hearty

that, cautious as he was by nature and train ing, he could hardly refrain from a good loud laugh, as he paddled away, hour by hour, while the red-skins, with almost su-perhuman efforts, kept along like shadows

"Trot along, ye greasy vagabones!" he said, in a low tone; "we'll give yer a twist that'll make yer devil's faces look worser'n that hole ye dropped my boy in." Silently, steadily he paddled, keeping Ned

close and quiet in the canoe bottom, until they neared the cabin, when the old man permitted the younger to take the blade which he did in silence, while faithful Ca lamity, like a grim sentinel, stood in the canoe's bow as if to relieve his old master from all further responsibility.

CHAPTER VIII. THE BACK TRAIL.

"Now," said Nick, as they sat down in the cabin, "we can turn about and go back ag'in. We've got rid of the condemnedest

diffikilty thet we had."
"And all this time, what is poor Miona suffering?" replied Ned, resting his hand upon his elbow, and looking the very picture of misery.

"She ain't suffering half as much as you," replied Nick, who, like a thoughtful host, was preparing a meal for two very hungry 'She don't know she's dead, or that we think she's gone under."

"But, how she must long for our coming What weary years of waiting she has spent and now she does not know whether they are to end or not. When do we start down-"It will be dark in an hour; we can make

a good supper by that time, and I'll take a week's food with us, so we needn't stop to shoot game, when some of the varmints are Nick was walking toward his fire-place

when he suddenly paused and looked back at his young friend, with a peculiar expres 'Ned, what do you s'pose I b'l'eve?" "I am sure I can not tell," he replied, looking up in no little surprise at the ab-

I think I know where to look fur the

"Where?" was the eager inquiry. "Certainly not Grizzly Bear Cave?"

'No; up that creek that I p'inted out to you as we passed. Mind, I don't say she's there," added Nick; "I only s'pects it."

cause," said Ned, "so I will take that grain

"It's many a year ago and more that I helped Woo-wol-na out of his scrape with the Shoshone. I got several purty good digs myself in that scrimmage, so that I was carried back and laid up in one of thar lodges for the rest of the winter; and I happened to think just now that thar village then stood on the bank of the creek, about ten miles up it. The tribe staid thar fun several years, and then moved down to where they now ar'. When they done it, they left thar old lodges standing, and put up new lodges along the river. Now, the Blackfoot allers puts up his house with the idee that it's going to last awhile, and I've a mind that some of them old lodges are still tanding, and would make the best kind of shelter fur a chap that got lost in the

"Have you seen any of them within a few

By mighty!" exclaimed Nick, in considerable excitement, "I slept in one of them lodges the very summer you left me, so they're likely to be some of 'em there

"And you think Miona has been removed

to that place"
"That's it! It may be that I'm wrong, but I swow to gracious, that if she ain't there, I don't know where to look for her."
"Don't say that," said Ned, pleadingly;

are compelled to. Until then, don't let me know that you can ever reach a point where you feel unable to do any thing."

"We're going to have a little moon to-night, 'though I'd just as lief get along without it as with it."

Nick spent the greater part of an hour in cooking meat for the expedition. He had learned in the great school of necessity, and he worked with that skill and dexterity that soon gave him all the food he needed. Ned and he occupied but a few minutes in eating their evening meal, and then, ac-companied by Calamity, they set out again for the river, where they had left their canoe lying. Their food was placed within, the dog took his accustomed place, and just as

the shades of night were closing upon forest

and river, the paddle was dipped into the water, and they began what was to prove

a most eventful journey. All night long the iron arms of the trap-per kept at work with the regularity of a steam engine, and seemingly without tiring any more than so much machinery. Mack-intosh slept the greater part of the night. and when daylight came, they landed and made a few hours' halt. Then, under the direction of Nick Whiffles, Ned took the paddle, and they began stealing their way along shore down-stream; for, above all things, it was now important that they

should not be seen by any of their enemies.

The greater part of the day was spent in stealing along in this cautious manner, con-stantly on the look-out for their enemies. Near the middle of the afternoon, they had narrow escape from running directly in sight of a large canoe full of Indians, but, fortunately, they "backed water," and ran in under cover of the bank in time to escape

Just at nightfall the mouth of the creek was reached, and they landed. The boat was pulled up out of sight, and Calamity left to guard the entrance, and the two withdrew out of sight altogether of any who might pass during daylight even.

Young Mackintosh could scarcely conceal

his anxiety and impatience. If Nick had settled in his mind where they were to look for Miona, he saw no reason why they should not press on at once and take time by the forelock.

"We expect to make our search there, Nick, and why wait until our foes are ahead

"Trust to me, trust to me," was the reply.
"It may be that the Red Bear will come down the creek to-night, and, if that is so, we'll run afoul of him, as sure as the world."
"Why not go overland? It's only a matter of ten miles or so, and we can make it in a couple of hours." "And leave a trail, that'll be sartin to be-

tray us."
"Well, as you please then," replied Ned, settling himself back, in the expectation of settling himsel spending a number of weary hours.
"You ought to have l'arned the vartue of

patience, when you was Ned Hazel, trampin' the woods with me. Don't you know the Esquimaux of the upper Hudson Bay will set for a dozen hours by the air-hole in the ice waiting for the seal to come up and

git speared?"
"I hope you don't expect we are going to do the same?"

do the same?"

"Not unless it is necessary, but we must wait; the Whiffles family always had the faculty of waiting. Fact of it was, some of 'em waited too' long, and, fur all I know, some of 'em are still waiting— Hullo!"

At this juncture, Calamity gave utterance to a low, almost inaudible growl, and springing to their feet, both the men were at his side in an instant.

side in an instant.

The faint moon, of which Nick had spoken, had risen, and was already overhead, so that they could both see to the opposite side of the narrow creek. "'Sh!" whispered the trapper, "some one

The ripple of oars was plainly discernible. and while they were straining their eyes to pierce the gloom, they saw a small canoe, with two Indians in it, making its way up-

It was near the center of the creek, and moving in a manner which showed the occupants had no fear or thought of discovery apon the part of corvans or interlopers.

Nick was especially anxious to learn whether one of the men was Red Bear or not, but there was not sufficient light for the purpose, although he was satisfied in his wn mind that the young chief was in the

The two men scarcely breathed until the canoe had passed up out of sight. Then the trapper noiselessly launched his own canoe, entering, Calamity was placed in the

The pup can see further in the dark than his master, and when he can't see one of the varmints, he can scent him. You see, it won't do to run afoul of Red Bear"

"Why won't it do?" demanded Ned. There are as many in this boat. We have rifles, and I carry a Colt's revolver. We could put both of them out of our path as well as not, and I'd like to do it."

When you've as many gray hairs in your head as I have, you won't be quite so eager to send a ball through the head of any crit-You won't shrink from it if it should

become necessary "Exactly; but it hain't become necessary Ned; if Woo-wol-na keeps in our way, I'd shoot him, but if we kin get the gal out of their hands without harming a red-skin, I'm going to do it. When I was on my first war-path, it was just the other way, but I kin tell you, Ned, this killing people is a bad business, any way you can fix it, and to my mind, any man is guilty that wants to do

'You are right," replied Ned, who could but agree with the humanitarian sentiments of the old hunter, who could pass through so many scenes of violence and bloodshed, and still, like a Christian warrior, retain a vearning love for peace and quietness.

My whole heart is bent on gaining Miona from their hands," added the lover. "I have prayed and longed for this day; I can leave American territory without her, and I will stop at no danger or sacrifice to accomplish my purpose."
"Just so," replied the imperturbable Nick

as he softly dipped his paddle and kept the boat to its course. "Your heart is full of love, and when a man is in that kettle, I take it that he's blind to prudence and com mon sense. If you was to undertake this business alone, the end of it would be that you'd have your ha'r raised, and would go under afore you had fairly started.'

The sober thought of Mackintosh admitted the truth of all the trapper had uttered, and he could not refuse to acquiesce in his cool judgment and prudential deliberations

"it will be hard enough to give up when we All this time the canoe was moving up the creek with the silence of some aquatic monster stealing his way through a gantlet of enemies to some safe retreat in the ocean beyond. There was little likelihood of the boat ahead checking its speed, or being over-taken by its pursuer; but nevertheless there was a possibility, and Nick Whifiles was not the one to let his haste run him into any "condemned diffikilty" of that nature.

Calamity showed a realizing sense of the responsibility that rested upon his canine shoulders. Sitting on his haunches, with his forepaws resting upon the gunwale of the prow, he peered into the darkness, every sense on the alert for the dusky foes in ad-

The sound of a rustling leaf did not escape, nor did it deceive him. He had hunted and roamed too many years with his mas-ter to need any instruction at this late day. ter to need any instruction at this late day. Nick knew exactly what the capabilities of the brute were, and precisely how far he was to be depended upon; so, while he kept the canoe cautiously gliding up one bank, he found time to hold whispered converse with his companion, scarcely looking ahead, but leaving that duty to his faithful friend.

Mile after mile glided behind them, and they were drawing near the spot where they believed the beautiful, the loving, the trusting Miona was longingly awaiting their coming.

Ned Mackintosh became silent and thoughtful. The belief that the critical mothers with the critical mothers with the critical mothers. ment for which he had been waiting through four long, weary years, was at hand; that she toward whom his thoughts had turned, during all that time, when the broad ocean rolled between them, was now within a few miles, and that every moment was drawing them nearer together, filled him again with a nervous uneasiness which he controlled with much difficulty, and which did not es-

Per.
"You must git over that," admonished the latter, "for if you don't, you won't be good for any thing, and I'll leave you

cape the observant eye of the old trap-

He strove manfully, and after a time he gained more mastery over himself.

"I will be all right when the time comes,"

"The time has come now," said Nick, as with one sweep of his paddle he ran the prow against the land and stepped out.

"What does this mean?" asked Ned, in

"What does this mean?" asked Ned, in some astonishment.
"Them lodges that I was talking about ain't two hundred yards from this spot."
"Is it possible?" was the exclamation of the young man, as he stepped out; "and what are we to do now?"
"You're to lay here, while me and the pup go forward and rackynoiter a little; and, Ned." he added, in his most impressive manner, "do you promise to mind me to the very letter?"
"Of course I do." Of course I do."

"All right; then don't move six feet from here till I give you word. I'll be back

The next minute Ned Mackintosh was

About an hour passed, when Nick Whiffles returned with the noiselessness that characterized all his movements, and stooping down beside his young friend, he placed his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Ned, we've found the place where the varmints have hid the gal!"

CHAPTER IX.

A FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. AFTER making his startling announcement to Ned Mackintosh, Nick Whiffles ex-

plained it in substance as follows:
Upon leaving him in company with Caward, until they reached the desolate clear-ing where stood the "ruins" of what had once been a large and stirring Blackfoot These ruins consisted of three dges only, in two of which lights were burning. In one of these were seated Red Bear and two warriors, the three engaged in smoking, and discussing some important

There was difficulty in gaining a view of the interior of the other, as the entrance was closed; but, after lying down in front of it for a half-hour, it was opened, and an old squaw, that Nick recognized as the mother of Red Bear, came out and went to the lodge in which were seated her son and

This was the very lodge in which Nick Whiffles had lain an invalid more than thirty years before; and, as the buffalo-skin door was pulled aside, he saw, plainly and dis-tinctly, Miona seated upon the ground, in front of a small fire, engaged in knitting some bead ornament. The firelight shone full upon her face, so that there was no mistake about it.

"Nick," said Mackintosh, at this point in his narrative, "as you love me, grant me one favor."

"Take me to the spot where you crouched, when you saw her, there let me stay one minute and look upon her face!"

"But the danger—"
"You can trust me. Remember I have not seen her for four years. I can be as quiet and stealthy about it as you!" Well, I'll do it. Come along!" They stole their way through the wood

and across the clearing in the direction of one of the lodges, in which a light could be seen shining, moving with the stealth of men who knew that a single false step would be paid by the penalty of their lives.

The whole affair was in opposition to the sense of Nick Whiffles, but he could not

well refuse the request of his young friend, made as it was with such direct earnestness Finally Nick paused and whispered:

"Crawl to that spot, and lay flat down, and if the gal hasn't changed her position, you'll see her face a blamed sight plainer than you can see mine.'

Ned did as requested, and complete success crowned the effort. He saw Miona seated in front of a fire engaged with some fancy work, and seemingly as quiet and unsuspicious, as though seated among her own

Her head was bent, so that the view was not as good as could be desired; but such as it was, it made the heart of the lover bound with delight.

Ay, there she sat; the loved of his heart she of whom he had dreamed for the four years past, and for whom he had hastened to cross the ocean-she who returned his yearning affection, and who, he fondly believed, was at that moment thinking of him

as yet far away from her.

The wish of Mackintosh was that she would raise her head, before he was com-

pelled to withdraw, and this pleasure was

also afforded him. While his eyes were intently fixed upon her countenance, she suddenly looked up, as if some noise at the entrance of the lodge had attracted her attention. This afforded the very view for which Ned was so anxious. There was a startled expression upon the face of Miona, that rendered her beauty more striking. The lustrous eyes looked darker, and the excitement gave a flushed appearance that rendered her captivating in the

"Oh! if she but knew I were here!" sighed my hero, who felt an almost irresistible impulse to rush forward and claim her, "if she would but come forth, and go with us at once !"

In a moment she lowered her gaze again and resumed her work; and feeling that it was incumbent upon him to do so, Mackintosh withdrew and rejoined the trapper.
"Now I 'spose you feel easier," remarked the latter, as they stealthily retreated to the

cover of the woods again.
"Yes, and I am thankful to you for the kindness you showed me. I had a good view of her face. And now what do you propose to do?"

We must wait here, and find out what they're driving at. We mought get the gal, but it won't hurt to wait awhile, and it's better to be sartin afore you move in such a matter." Nick supposed he was right, but it was

very hard to be governed by the same delib-eration, at a time when he believed that a oold dash would end the matter at once in their favor, but he forced himself to assent and wait the pleasure of his old friend.

The entrance to the other lodge remained closed, so that it was impossible to tell what was going on in there; but there was little

doubt that their consultation concerned Miona. It was very easy, and would have been very characteristic in Red Bear to use force in compelling her to become his wife; but it seemed that he hesitated at this step, until

it became certain that no other means would Nick Whiffles more than once was on the point of stealing forward and apprising Miona of their presence so that she might be prepared to second any movement in her own behalf; but he resolutely restrained

However, he thought the time had come when Calamity could take a hand in the business, and he turned to Ned.

"Have you got pencil and paper ?" "Then git something ready, and we'll try and send the pup in with it." Mackintosh was glad enough to do so,

and as well as he could in the darkness, he penned the following:

penned the following:
"Dearest Miona:
"Nick and I are near you, watching for a chance to get you out of the hands of your encinies. By the assistance of you and him I was saved from death in the davern. He has been to see Woo-wol-na, who told him that you were dead. As you already know, the old chief is determined that you shall be the wife of Red Bear, and has attempted to deceive us; Nick let him think he believed his falsehood, but we understood him. You have been removed here. anderstood him. You have been removed here, so as to be without the reach of your friends. You must remain quiet, and it will be well to affect an acquiescence to whatever wishes they may have regarding you. I await Nick's movements, who is slow, but who doubtless knows better what to do than I. If you can, send me a few words back.

This, with a piece of paper from his notebook and his pencil, was fastened around the neck of Calamity, so that she might

have an opportunity to reply. As there seemed to be no dogs at all belonging to the Blackfeet in the village, there was considerable risk in sending Calamity upon such an errand. If seen, he would be recognized as belonging to Nick and the extraordinary precautions that the two had taken, during the preceding few days, would thus be entirely thrown away.

But there was no one to whose sagacity it was safer to trust than to this same canine's. He knew the value of keeping himself "scarce" at such a time, and, if there was any possible way of doing it, he might be depended upon to do it.

Nick took pains to explain with great particularity what he expected his animal to do, and then told him to go

Calamity advanced straight toward the clearing, until he had passed half-way across, when he paused and looked about him to see if the coast was clear. Every thing seemed satisfactory, and he kept straight ahead, and the next instant darted into the door of the lodge

As he did so, Nick, who had stolen back to his former position, and was watching, saw her start, utter a slight scream, and make ready to combat the entrance of the dog, but the next instant she recognized and welcomed him, hastening forward to

take the paper from his neck. Then she read it with an eager interest impossible to describe, and when finished raised her eyes devoutly upward, thanking Heaven for the answer to her prayer. Then with pencil in hand, she leaned over toward the fire, and busied herself in replying to the

missive of her lover. "By mighty! ain't she givin' him a good dose?" muttered Nick, as he saw her turn it over, after the lapse of several minutes, and continue her rapid penmanship upon the other side the leaf. "Wal, I s'pose the gal loves him, and of course she must have a

good deal to say to him.' By-and-by it was finished, and then she fastened it very carefully to the neck of the log, securing with it the pencil also, and made ready for the return of her faithful

At this critical moment, the door of the other lodge opened, and Red Bear issued forth, walking straight toward the one where Miona and the dog were sitting. It was a dangerous instant, and looked as if discovery were unavoidable. There was no way for Calamity to slip out, without being een by the chief, who would be certain to identify him at the first glimpse.

Nick Whiffles steadily raised the hammer

of his rifle, prepared to fire at Red Bear if the discovery should take place, for it now looked as if it was to come to that.

But the wonderful sagacity of Calamity proved equal to the emergency. His sharp ear detected the approach, and he seemed to comprehend at the same instant that it was impossible for him to escape from the lodge. As quick as a flash, he whisked behind Miona and crawled beneath the skins, upon a pack of which she was sitting.

Nick Whiffles witnessed this maneuver of his dog, with a grin of exultation, and then carefully made his way back to where Ned was awaiting him. Here he related what he had seen, adding: "The pup knows more than both of us;

trust Calamity, I say, for the pup has never deceived me yet.

He then said there was no telling how long Red Bear might remain in the lodge, and if Mackintosh chose, he could take his

old position and watch the interview. This
the young man gladly did, and found his
place such that he had a full view of both.
Miona still had her seat upon, the skins,
and Ned fancied that she had so spread out her dress as to help hide Calamity. Red Bear sat several feet away, his face turned full upon the girl, and the appearance of both showed that they were engaged in earnest converse.

Miona had probably taken lessons from the note sent her by her lover, and her heart was so full of "new-fledged hope" that she could well assume a graciousness of manner toward the Blackfoot, even though she knew

ne was soon to have so rude an awakening He had a large pipe of yellow clay in his mouth, and undoubtedly was doing his "level best" to persuade the beautiful young pale-face to become his queen, and to forget her ties of blood and kindred, in the happiness of a consort of so brave a warrior as

himself. Miona listened, and was more disposed to

be lenient than she had ever yet showed her-self in his presence, and the red scamp was in high feather over his good-fortune. But Miona unconsciously incurred a dan-ger in encouraging Red Bear too much. If her manner was such as to make him believe that she would be proud to become his wife, he saw no reason why she should delong in taking that position. He wished her to join him and his warriors in his canoe, and with him go to the village down the river, there to go through the im-pressive ceremony of marrying the most celebrated young warrior of the Blackfoot

Miona was not prepared to consent to this, and she asked for a delay of twenty-four hours at least; but Red Bear had al-ready submitted to her whims, until his pa-

tience was well-nigh exhausted. He used all the persuasive eloquence of an Indian lover to induce her to change her mind; he said that Woo-wol-na was expect-ing their coming at the town that very night; that he expected the ceremony would be celebrated without fail, and there was danger in thwarting the wishes of such a great nan. His boat was ready, and if Red Bear had only known the Ossian Serenade, there is little doubt but that he would have sung,

'Oh, come with me, in my light cance,
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
Oh, come with me for I long to go
To the isles where the mango apples grow." As may be supposed, young Mackintosh was a deeply interested spectator of the scene. Of course, it was beyond his power to comprehend with any certainty the meaning of the words uttered, but the actions and gesticulations of each showed that there was considerable feeling, and

that it was increasing. Perhaps the consciousness that she had friends near at hand, made Miona somewhat bolder and more defiant than she would have been otherwise. Certain it is that she had begun by heeding the request of her lover, and had been unusually bland and conciliatory. This, however, had produced the opposite effect from what was intended, and he had made urgent demands for her to leave this "country seat" at once.
She had dallied with him as long as she

could, and finding herself unable to convince him of his error, she had ended by flatly refusing to accompany him.

Red Bear rose from his seat in his anger and gesticulated savagely toward her. At this juncture Calamity whisked out of the

lodge so skillfully that even Miona herself did not see him, and hurried straight to his master with the missive about his neck. Mackintosh would have hastened to the animal to claim the precious letter he bore, had he not been enchained to the spot by the threatening character of the interview between the Indian and the loved one of his

There was no telling but what the savage, in his fury, might offer her violence, and he felt it incumbent to remain near enough to

Let the dusky scoundrel but attempt to lay his hand upon her," muttered Ned, as he cautiously brought his rifle round to position, "and I'll crack that shaven skull of his quicker than lightning. Red Bear gesticulated furiously, but, as

he still held no weapon in his hand, Mack intosh reserved his fire. He seemed to be arguing vehemently to Miona, who sat quiet collected, still engaged in her beadwork, and only now and then looking up in

What her replies were could only be divined, but the passion of the Indian seemed to increase, until there could be no doubt that the girl was really in danger. Suddeny Ned saw a knife gleaming in his hand, and he felt that it would not do to delay longer So he aimed straight at the head of the Blackfoot chief.

(To be continued-commenced in No. 52) Save Your Eyes!

Dr. Williams still continues his admirable papers n the Atlantic in regard to the Eyes. He especially points to the danger of small print, both in ooks and papers, and advises the rejection, by old and young persons, of all illegible or fine print. This is good advice. The vast number of near-

sighted persons, and of those whose eyesight fails, at an early age, is a standing warning against small type and dirty press-work. The tendency to crowd much matter in a small space produced the "Diamond Editions of Tennyson, Longfellow," etc., but the result has been any thing but gratifying to readers; and "Diamonds"

are now at an immense discount, beautifully printed though they are. But, when superadded to very fine type we have dirty printing, on cheap, furzy paper of some of our popular Weeklies, the damage to the eyesight, especially of the young, is deplorable, indeed. Let those

who are at all considerate of results think of this. A Public Benefactor.

"He who makes two spears of grain grow where only one grew before," is called a benefactor. How much more is he a public benefactor who taking a good weekly paper loans it to friends and neighbors

intil all have perused it ! A correspondent from Oakland, Ill., says: "I have so many to loan my paper to that it is with difficulty I can get it back, and when it does come in it is al most worn out, so many have read it. When the paper comes everybody looks for it with longing

We admire the spirit of benevolence which actuates the subscriber. He certainly is self-sacrificing; but, wouldn't it be well for some of his dependent friends to own a paper for themselves, just to "see how it would feel ?"





NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1871.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdeelers in the United tates and in the Canadian Dominien. Parties unable to obtair it in a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, mail; from a the publication office, are supplied at the following

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHES, 98 WILLIAM St., NEW YORK.

The New Romance

The Forest, the Trail, and the Cabin Home!

We shall commence, in our coming fissue, a ro-mance of the Settlements and Wilderness, which, in the novel nature of its incidents and dramatis per sonæ, will most charmingly supplement the spleudid forest story, "Blackfoot Queen," now running in

THE AVENGING ANGELS:

The Bandit Brothers of the Scioto. By the author of "Silent Hunter," "Queen of the Woods," etc., etc.

Located in the Sylvan Shades of the "Beautiful Land"-as Eastern Kentucky was termed in Early Times-the residence of Judge Wilson and his charm ing family became the center of a series of startling and intensely interesting incidents, illustrative equally of the perils of that Wood Paradise and of the ferocious elements there are in the human heart when the restraining influences of a civilized community are cast aside.

The story is managed with consummate skill in the use of its material. The five brothers-renegades and bandits—are thrown in powerful contrast and contact with the beautiful daughters of the Judge; and the noble self-sacrifice of the Avengers is a foil to the fierce Shawnees, whose red trail ran over all that Forest Garden.

In the character of the Noble Huron, the author associates the wonderful qualities of the Indian-his devotion. his courage, his sagneity, his truthfulness -with those of his white brothers, whose cause he has espoused; and throughout all their fortunes this heroic Prince of the Woods towers up in the camp and in the flerce fight alike, a very center of

There is, too, in the romance, a very touching vein of pathos. The females of the destroyed Home, involved in the meshes of the Bandit Brothers, are elements of marked beauty; and their love, as well as the love bestowed upon them, give to the story a feature at once pleasing and thrilling.

The lovers of Forest, Indian and Love Tales will welcome this splendid production of a skilled hand, as another of that series of serials which has rendered the SATURDAY JOURNAL noted among popular

THE GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM.

"How shall I keep body and soul to-Nine-tenths of the world spend all their lives in trying to solve this difficult question. Capable writers, not at all given to sensation, who have devoted much time to the subject—the very able English author for instance, who writes under the nom de eme of "An Amateur Casual"—estimate that in our great cities many hundreds rise they will get their bread during the day, or where they will lay their heads at night

"There is work for all if they will but seek and take it!" we fancy we hear a reader exclaim. Very true; but the difficulty is to bring the work and the man together.

In the broad acceptance of the term, we are all brothers. Our true mission in the world is to help one another. But, the rich have very little idea of what the poor suffer. A French Princess once said, when told that the poor of Paris were starving, that she would rather eat black bread and mutton than starve. So it is with our rich people; although few of them are born to wealth, they soon forget the poverty they rise from, and wonder how it can be possible for people to starve in great, in wealthy New

And who are the poor? The laboring men who work in the streets and on public improvements at so much per day? these can generally get enough to do. The true poor are those who work more with their brains than with their hands . those to whom Heaven has denied the gift of bodily strength; those who have wasted all the best of their young lives in studies by the midnight lamp, and whose faces are " lied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The young doctor, lawyer, engineer, artist, and other professional men-the race that has given to history a "Fulton" and a

These men are the ones who suffer most Were they to apply to a street contractor to shovel dirt, they would be laughed at. They may be brawny in brain, but not in

Too proud to beg, they suffer in silence They steal from the stomach that they may clothe the back and preserve an outward semblance of prosperity. The coat, buttoned tightly to the throat, conceals the dirty linen, or perhaps, the want of it.

How can we aid this great class of sufferers? The free distribution of coal and soup tickets benefit them but little.

Listen to the magic words.

The city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, leads the van. Her cheap restaurants, with free reading-rooms attached, have benefited

It is not charity, but a business speculation. The poor man does not feel that he is a beggar receiving alms. He pays the trifle demanded and owes no man thanks for fa-

Who will be the first of our rich men to hand his name down to posterity as the benefactor of his fellow-creatures? The honor can be cheaply bought. It

won't cost half as much as an opera house, or a stable of fast horses per year. Establish a cheap eating-house, with a reading-room attached. Give a bowl of soup and a cup of coffee for five cents, and if inclined to do the th ng nicely, throw in a

Make it possible for a man to keep life within him for thirty-five cents per week! And between every sup of soup and

draught of coffee, the pallid lips of some poor being, saved from starvation, will mur-mur the name of the benefactor, who, like the Moslem of story, loved his fellow-men. Grateful prayers, like holy incense, will rise

Is not the respect of the world, of good men and honest women, worth far more than the humble cringe of the liveried fol-lower, or the false smile of some jeweled Aspasia?

Oh, wise men, rich in worldly goods, give some little of your store to save your fellow-beings from the dread pangs of starvation! Save the hollow-eyed man of genius from the iron fetters that cramp in his soul; and in payment, from his teeming brain may come some great invention that will im-prove the status of the world, and make the name of the wise rich man blessed forever in the judgment book above.

Foolscap Papers.

My Great Story.

SHE sat at the window. The day was drawing to a close; the golden sunset had blossomed in the western sky, but its beau-tiful colors had faded before the advancing glooms of the twilight, though the moon shed her subdued glories upon the silent earth, and she was eighteen years old, with hair decidedly brown—the girl, not the

She was the prettiest girl in the world!

[The money which I am to get for this thrilling story has been partly advanced by the editor, but that will have no effect on the plot. It is all gone now.]

Ever and anon this beautiful maiden

would put her head out of the above mentioned window and cast her longing eyes up the road toward the little village, and murmur to herself, "Why don't he come?"

[How this pen splutters! It just now spoilt the best part of this story, which has to be perfect or the editor will demand back the money he advanced, and I never could

raise it again. It will be necessary to describe the parlor over which this maiden shed such an excellent perfume of "Jockey Club." The piano occupied the corner on the right; it was only rented at ten dollars a month; the dealer wanted fifteen, but he allowed himself to be jewed down.

[I was thinking while I was eating so many of those codfish balls for supper tonight whether or not my inspiration would be sufficient to handle this story well. I was afraid it wouldn't, but I can write well

under all circumstances.]

The flowered carpet covered almost the entire room, and the pictures on the walls (which had been purchased for original paintings) were fine chromos, but, by far, the best piece of furniture in the room was the young lady at the window, clad in the best colors suitable to her complexion, and ever and anon glancing out of the window and up the road.

and up the road.

[If I wasn't going to get so much for this story I wouldn't begin to use so much fine language, nor pay so much attention to the characters, nor follow out the plot so minutely and so masterly.]

A light shade of disappointment was continually creeping over her fair features, and heart usually light heart had the appearance of being sorrowful

of being sorrowful.

[Some writers are always running off the subject, and, indeed, I have read one story where the author stops in a very sentimental part and goes to talking about pigs; this is not right. A good story should run along smoothly without any digression at all. I was thinking if I had not better go and get the balance of the money due me on this story; my shoemaker, who just now called in, advises me to do so, and says he will write at the story while I am gone. But, I will allow him to wait, and will not digress. It was very evident from her general ap

pearance that she was looking for somebody who hadn't come, and, judging from her use of the pronoun he, that person was a man. [We will go on with our story, just as if there were not six children down-stairs making so much noise that I have serious thoughts of taking a room in the deaf and

dumb asylum until I finish this story.] It will naturally suggest itself to the reader of this story, which the editor is very anxiously awaiting for various reasons, that the man she was looking for was her lover, and that his delay was the principal cause of all her sorrow. The moonlight stole softly in at her window and fell on the floor at her feet, but didn't hurt itself, and looked out again, and murmured, "Will he never come?" and then the tears of disappointment arose in her eyes. Dear reader don't get mad because that person she looks for don't hurry. I can't see why he wasn't there half an hour ago, but novelists dare

not tell every thing at once. [I just then dipped my pen in a bottle of mucilage and tried to write with it. I find I can't write English with it, but, if I could write in gum-arabic, who could ever translate this story? But I must stick to my story.]

"He promised he would be here di was so late," she said, with a sigh, and she impatiently brushed away a tear that was on the point of falling-not with a brush but a handkerchief.

[I am getting to be very well pleased with the manner in which this remarkable story is progressing, and have serious thoughts of raising the price on it. It would be no more than right, I am sure.]

All at once she started, brightened and turning her ears in the direction of the village, she recognized the sound of footsteps. "He comes, thank goodness!" she said, and the smiles began to chase each other over

[Then, I got so happy to think he was coming that I upset the ink all over this story and on my light gray pants. This is what a great author has to suffer for the blessed privilege of writing the best story that ever was read. The editor has just ent me a note requesting me to send what I have got written, and let the balance go but I am so close to the conclusion that I can't conclude without closing. I have been just two hours on this, and it is as good or even better than if I had been two months

The footsteps approach; the door opens. [The catastrophe of this story, although not entirely after the latest English models, is grand in conception, and is well worth one the price of the whole.

When I conclude to write another great story for twice the money, I will advertise it six months beforehand in the Ben Franklin Almanac for 1820.

P. S.—This admirable story will be pub-

lished in book-form before the next holiday season, bound in beveled boards, tongued and grooved, and illustrated by engravings on brick by the best artists. There will be six full plates and one hundred and fifty small dishes. The first will represent the author as he appears standing on his head before a large audience; the last will repre-sent the author as a mermaid riding six horses. It will be printed on the finest dint ed ice cream-laid paper, and will read from right to left for the benefit of left-handed people, and from the center both ways for the benefit of cross-eyed folks. Sold by subscription only.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A WIDELY-SPREAD EVIL.

IT seems to me that mothers can commit no greater indiscretion than the one of allowing their young daughters to attend parties and public balls accompanied only by a gentleman, as is the country and city custom. Girls who have arrived at mature years may go thus safely, but no young, inexperienced girl may do it.

The evil begins in the choice of an escort. It is not thought necessary either by mother or daughter, in many cases, that she should have any extended according to the with a

or daughter, in many cases, that she should have any extended acquaintance with a gentleman to accept his attentions, and many girls go with men whom they have only met a half-dozen times—perhaps each one of the half-dozen, at a party.

A ball is a poor place in which to judge of character. The music and lights; the ever-changing figures, and constant buzz of voices; the animation and excitement of the occasion, all tend to throw a charm over a young girl's senses, and dull her perceptions. If a man appears like a real gentleman she is apt to think him such, when, could she see him first in the light of day, with no witching music and glancing lights with no witching music and glancing lights to dazzle her, she would read his character

as one to shun or to avoid wholly.

We all know how first impressions of a person's character, if they are in his disfavor, wear off and slip from us almost unconsciously on further acquaintance, if he appears well. It is no wonder, then, that a young and inexperienced girl should fail to see the impure lines in a man's face when she has become *used* to them.

Mothers appear very thoughtless in this matter. Nowadays girls—who would have been considered children fifty years agoare young ladies, and go out "in society." It is no uncommon thing in the country for girls of thirteen and fourteen years to attend parties, accompanied only by a gentleman. How utterly incompetent are such children to judge people as they are, and to understand the insidious serpent Evil when it enversely.

it approaches!

Many men—only too many—are wolves in sheep's clothing, embodiments of evil in the guise of gentlemen, lying in wait for the unwary innocent, who are too simple and ignorant of the world's ways to compreignorant of the world's ways to comprehend their danger. Many men possess strong magnetic powers, and absolutely charm their victim as the serpent charms the bird. How dare mothers trust their unsophisticated daughters, unprotected and alone, with such persons?

If girls are fortunate enough to escape actual contract with orill they freely attraction.

actual contact with evil, they frequently do things from ignorance and thoughtlessness that compromise them. I have known the character of pure and innocent girls to be basely defamed by baffled villains, who know only too well that nothing they can

know only too well that nothing they can say will in any way injure themselves.

In new country places the society is by no means choice. Every thing is in common, and very disreputable persons of both sexes associate at public balls with the best class who attend. With these the young girl unavoidably comes in contact, and who can handle coals, even if dead ones, without being injured? They will blacken, if not burn. Young and fresh and pure, she enters society, only to lose the freshness and simplicity that are her best and noblest at tributes, in this school that learns one, whether they will or no. While yet a mere child she becomes familiar with the bad side of the world; her freshness and child-like simplicity are rubbed off like the bloom from a olum, to return no more!

How can parents remain blind to the disastrous effects of making women of children, and trusting them to the protection of oung men of whose moral character they have no actual knowledge? It seems to me that nothing but an almost unpardonable thoughtlessness can be the occasion of such indifference.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

WHOLE OR HALF.

SomeBody has propounded to me an important question, and, as the person is a reader of the "Saturday Journal," perhaps it is best to give the answer through the columns of that paper. The question is this:
"Should we tell the whole or half of a piece of news, good or bad?"

Take as an example this: A young girl has for a lover, a freckle-faced, tow-headed, gawky youth, and as a natural consequence she does not over-fancy him. Now, is it ust the thing for her to tell him the reasons of the rejection of his suit, or mortify him by remarking on his personal appearance when it does her no good and only makes him feel bad? In this case my advice is only to tell half the truth.

If you are kindly correcting a person' faults, it is better to tell the whole of them. than to go beating about the bush, with the insinuation of "that isn't all, and if I was sure you wouldn't be offended, I could say -but I'm afraid it would make you feel bad, so I guess I won't say what I intended to." This is a species of cruelty that leaves the hearer in a state of suspense, wondering if a more cruel stab could be thrust at his He hates to ask what more was said, while all the time, he is most curious to know. Tell the whole, in this case, my friends, tell the whole.

It is a very difficult affair for any one, in telling a story, to make their own side the darkest. We make the ills of others as black as ebony, while we gloss over our own, and, like children, complain that we "are not to blame at all." Tell our own story before an impartial judge, and my word for it, you will find that you have been the most to blame.

If you know of a poor woman, whose son is a young reprobate, it is not necessary to tell her of all his wrong-doings. If you tell her of half, it will be sufficient. Why make her trials greater than they are by the recital of things which you know she has no power to prevent, and which will only cause a greater strain on the thread of life so easily rent in twain? Tell only half.

But, of good news, always tell the whole. If Araminta Jane is going to get a good man for a husband—if the deacon has given every poor woman in the parish a bag of flour-let the world know it.

Now, a word to my friends, the daily papers. If a divorce case, or a murderous affray comes up before the courts, why go into the sickening and disgusting details? Some of these accounts are enough to make any decent woman blush. There is no need of these particulars. You do not gain the good will of those whose praise is worth the having, but you can not think how much censure you are likely to obtain. Let us have a pure press by all means. Give us us have a pure press by all means. Give us but half of these details, Messrs, Editors, and you will have the praise of all good

men and women. men and women.

If Mr. A. owes a bill at the grocery, which he is unable to pay, why should he din the excuse into the grocer's ears that he will send it in soon, as he only has large bank notes with him? Come, Mr. A., be honest about your poverty, and tell the whole truth, which is—you haven't any money about you but as soon as you get, some. about you, but, as soon as you get some, you will settle.

If Mrs. B. sees an expensive dress, which is beyond her power to purchase, and which she is "crazy to have," is it not better for her to be out with the whole truth, that she can not afford it, than to say—" it does not exactly suit me?"

What's the use of discourse in a your asset.

What's the use of discouraging young aspirants for literary honors by telling them that they haven't one spark of talent in them, and that the portals of Fame will never be opened to them? Half of their faults is enough to inform them of. "Respectfully declined" is but half the story, but "Rejected" tells the whole, and, be-

but "Rejected" tells the whole, and, between you and me, kind reader, I had far rather hear only the half, hadn't you?

And, when I make a call at your house, and I ask you if I intrude, I don't want you to remark that you are real glad to see me, only you are very tired. I had far rather hear you say you would prefer me to come at some other time. This would be the whole truth, and the whole truth is no unpalatable pill then, to Eve Lawless. palatable pill then, to EVE LAWLESS.

THE DESIRES OF SELF.

Good Dr. Franklin was only half-right when he said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine houses nor fine furniture." Self, properly cultured, desires these things, and many similar ones besides, on its own account. As a means to further culture fine surroundings are worth the having. Indeed, they are almost essential. tial. Harmonious development of character and life is not attained amid dissonant surroundings. The inner and nobler being is dependent greatly on the outer and baser

existence. All observation and experience confirm this opinion. Hovels do not culture their occupants; the truly cultured are not satisfied to dwell in hovels, because their lives are not in harmony therewith. Pride is not the king over all natures. There are many who, feeling a properly independent spirit, would as soon abide in the plainest of places, currently with a plainest of places, and the plainest of places. surrounded by the plainest of household goods, so far as the public ken is concerned, who find such common and untidy abidingplaces and surroundings repugnant to their own selves. They "feel above" them in no objectionable mood; but out of a longing for something better and worthier—"finer," to employ the comparative of Dr. Franklin's adjective—a longing that even Dr Franklin would be compelled to admit not

dangerous, but deserving.
Self-satisfaction is ignobly selfish when it worthy-means leading to no ends that will purify and make better. Many luxuries that seem to cater solely to self, cater wisely. In a subtle sense that is difficult of description, but that usually obtains and makes it self felt, they refine and culture the whole being. It is only through them that taste is broadened and educated, and taste is only another name for civilization. Civilization is but the grouping of many educated tastes embodied in many cultured selves. It is natural outgrowth of self's desires, calling for finer things. Self may be pandered to grossly, but this

only leads to correspondingly gross results, is outside of the legitimate desires, legitimately met, and deserves gravest censure.
We have been speaking of matters purer,
and looking to purer ends. In so far as self
can educate self, and culture it up out of a sluggish content, it should certainly do so. The success of the world hangs on this selfculture. Whatever may conserve to the same, then, is to be made use of. Fine houses, fine furniture, finely bound books, They make a gratifying the eye, do more. sweeter harmony of all existences. They beautify, and they really bless. Blot them out, and all progress of character and of life is in a great measure stopped. If all persons were blind to them the same consequence would ensue, and humanity would be vastly the poorer.

A GOLDEN MAXIM.

SAID Folwell Buxton: "The longer l live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then, death or victory! The quality will do any thing that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without

Cut this out, young man, and paste it in your pocket-book, where, every time you open it to take out or put in a dollar, it may whisper to you its golden lesson. The bane of young men's lives is their impatience at fortune. They want to obtain results at once, and soon tiring in the struggle, turn to something else, to abandon it likewise. In this way they float through life aimless, unsuccessful and unhappy, when persistence, energy, and faith in the value of work, would have given them a grand victory.

A Star Lecturer.

Our "Fat Contributor" (A. W. GRISWOLD), let tures in the regular STAR LECTURE COURSE, in Philadelphia, March 20th. Our friends in that city have quite a treat in store, for Mr. G. is a rare humoristas his contributions to our columns will testify His reputation in the West is such that, like Dan Rice's Elephant, he "draws" immensely; and in coming East, to show his quality, he is only enlarging the area of the smile which follows him every-

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are

must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

No use can be made of MSS., "Sixteenth Amendment," "Brides of Bridgeton," "Abel Jones' Yow," "Great Expectations." No stamps. Postage on first-named underpaid.—We return "Tragedy at the Still,"—MS., as such, being quite imperfect. We have no time for correcting and revising. Whatever we use must be perfect as "copy." We will continue the author's subscription, since the SATURDAY JOURNAL appears to be so essential to him.—"The Brother's Testimony," not available. Filed with other MS. by same author. The story is good, but quite too long for our wants.—"Fairy's Maniac Lover" we will file for use.—Poem, "Our Darling," unavailable. No stamps.—Poems by Marline Manly, hardly good enough for our pages. Other journals may use them. No stamps.—MS., "Joe Chasting's Hilarity," not available. Returned.—The same as to "A Peace Offering;" "Sarah Porter's Test;" "Slaves of Self;" "Ninth of June;" "Pearls and Swine;" "A Peasant's Love." In regard to the latter we may say we want no stories of foreign people and circumstances. We want only transcripts of our own life and people.—We return poem "Lisette."—Rhymes by S. P. J. are decidedly rough. The author will have to learn the "propriefies" of composition before he essays to write for the press. We sincerely thank him for his good opinion of the Saturday Journal.—Poem, "Welcome Spring," we can not use. The author is not qualified to write poetry, we should say.—Will use sketches, "Diver's Peril;" "Fatal Fire;" "Pfeiffer the Trailer;" "A Sioux Trick;" "Red Cloud."

"Is Eve Lawless really an unmarried woman?" asks a correspondent in Indianapolis. Well, suppose she isn't? As she is "Lawless" you see she—is herself, married or unmarried. But, judging from what she writes, we should say she isn't married much—not enough to prevent her saucy eyes from doing immense damage among those just growing their first mustache.

Grace Grover writes to know if real high bo

GRACE GROVER writes to know if real high boots are the style now. Certainly they are. Judging from the boots in the Broadway windows we should say that, by another season, the adies will be wearing men's top boots covering the knees. It all comes of their agitation about woman's rights. To show us that she is just as good as any other man, lovely woman is going to don big boots, plug hats, eigars and all.

The work mentioned by J. H. A., Thorntown, Ind., is not our kind. The "history" may have been a true one, but certainly is one we should not care to repeat, in any shape.

repeat, in any shape.

"How can I write most acceptably for the editor and printer?" asks a contributor. We answer: First, by writing a perfectly legible and correct manuscript; second, by writing on one side only of white paper, commercial note size—foolscap being too large, covering up too much of the printer's case; third, by tearing off each page as it is written, and properly paging or folioing it; fourth, by remitting it to us in flat or folded shape—never rolling it. All this gives the MS. a good look, and at once commends it to the editor. Let us whisper, too, that many badly written MSS, on large pages are not read at all by editors, who are hard pressed for time, and whose hands already are full of good things.

It is utterly useless, we again state for writers to

It is utterly useless, we again state, for writers to send us MS, without stamps, and yet ask us to address them. We address no correspondent, on his own business, and pay the postage for the privilege! Our business, and pay the postage for the privilege!

L. C. Bates writes to express his admiration of the Saturday Journal—having tired of and discarded the other popular weeklies. He asks us to name another paper "as near the style of the Saturday Journal—so possible." There is no paper in this country just like our journal—none so thoroughly American and so suffused with the spirit of our broad and genial intelligence. In England, Bow Bells Weekly is to British popular journals what the Saturday Journal ism. The excellence and popularity of the London weekly may be inferred from the fact that several of our leading weeklies appropriate their serials freely from its columns. If Mr. Bates could obtain Bow Bells it would, doubtless, give him great satisfaction.

S. S. P. The fancy-colored inks are all well enough for correspondence, but for MS. always use black ink, as far the best both for compositor and editor. Likewise use white paper.

Sammy don't like to have so much of our "valuable paper" devoted to the humorous writers. Sammy evidently is a very serious person; so we'll keep on publishing funny things, hoping to make him smile. If we fail we'll turn him over to the vinegar makers.

E. W. B. says: "I think the SATURDAY JOURNAL the best conducted story paper in the United States. It is destined to go ahead of all the weeklies." It certainly is not destined to be led by them in the race for public favor. So long as merit is the criterion of success we shall be abundantly satisfied with the fruits of our labors.

fruits of our labors.

JENNIE JUNE is Mrs. D. G. Croly of this city. She is a lady of much talent, and is not a "fashionable dressmaker," as our correspondent—Mrs. C. G., of Rochester—seems to infer. Mrs. Croly, like Madame Demorest, is one of the "strong-minded." She believes most devoutly in woman's mission to do what she can do well; but she is a therough woman, for all that, as her love of dress, her devotion to fashion and her presidency of the "Sorosis" sister-hood testify.

nood testily.

R. ESTELL wishes to know if there is a recruiting office for infantry in Cincinnati, Ohio. It is impossible for us to say. Perhaps some of our Cincinnati friends can inform as. "The Masked Bride," Mrs. Crowell's excellent story, commenced in No. 53 of

the Saturday Journal.

Anxious Inquirers ask: "can you inform us what Love is?" The poet answers: "Two sonls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." We answer, it is the strongest and deepest passion known to the human breast. Hate is powerful, but love is more powerful. For love of Cleopatra, the "glorious serpent of the Nile." the Roman, Antony, gave up the empire of half the world, exclaiming:

"Give this Casar crowns and arches, Round his brow the laurel twine; I can scern the senate's trumpets, Triumphing in love like thine."

Love is the master-passion that sways the world. ew men or women but feel its force sooner or later. over-true love—is a pure and holy emotion; it reates a paradise on this dull earth, and turns chill

creates a paradise on this dull earth, and turns chill winter into glorious summer.

JARED SPARKS demands: "If one hen lays an egg and another hatches it, which of the hens is the mother of the chicken?" The hen that lays the egg, decidedly. Ducks eggs are often hatched by a hen, but one can't very well say that the hen is the mother of the ducklings, for, like produces like. The hen that hatches is but the step-mother!

E. M. S. wishes an online recogning his hand.

ther of the ducklings, for, like produces like. The hen that hatches is but the step-mother!

E. M. S. wishes an opinion regarding his handwriting, and also what wages are usually paid to first-class bookkeepers. The chirography is good. A bookkeeper's salary ranges from five hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars per year.

Y. S. inquires if there is a language of the handkerchief, what it is; also wishes an opinion regarding his handwriting. There is a language of the handkerchief. It would take up too much space for us to give it in this column. You will find it in full in "The Lover's Casket," published by Beadle & Co.; price ten cents. Your writing is good.

NEMO asks: "Who do you think will be the next President of the United States?" Not the gentleman who receives the largest number of popular votes, but he who receives the most votes in the electoral college. Mr. Lincoln, in 1860, was heavily defeated on the popular vote.

"C. L. T." inquires concerning the "New York Ophthalmic and Aural Infirmary." The "N. Y. Eye and Ear Infirmary," is located at No. 216 Second avente, R. Phelps, President. Is open for the reception of patients daily, except Sundays, at twelve o'clock. The poor from all parts of the State are entitled to its privileges. The "N. Y. Ophthalmic Infirmary," is situated at No. 387 Tenth avenue. Open daily from two to three o'clock. Its objects are to give, gratuitously, advice, medicines and treatment to those who are afflicted with diseases of the eye, and are unable through poverty to secure the services of physicians or surgeons.

RALLROAD wishes to know if there is any way of preventing the terrible railway accidents that every

RAILROAD wishes to know if there is any way of preventing the terrible railway accidents that every few weeks thrill the country with horror. He further says that, in his country (England), such a thing as a collision is almost impossible, as every mile of the track is signaled. There is a way to prevent such frightful accidents. Nine tenths of them are due to the gross carelessness of the soulless railway corporations. The law should control them, but often they control the law, We think that the suggestion made some time ago, that every train should have one of the directors of the road tied to the cow-catcher of the engine, would be of service.



REVERIE.

BY ESPERANCE.

Into my world there floateth,
From distant silver spheres,
Such a witching sound of music,
Filling my delighted ears
With the subtle soul of pleasure,
That its measure,
Rich and low,
Charms me so
I half forget the weary coming years.

As it steals through rose-hued chamber
Its notes seem half akin
To the mellow sheen of sunshine.
Or dark eyes through gauzes thin,
Laughter soft and jewels gleaming;
Tresses streaming,
All things sweet
Seem to meet

These melodious vibrations,
Sternly grand, or gayly sweet,
Echo now the hymns of thousands;
Now swift bells on glancing feet
Tell of perfumes, tell of snowflakes;
Now the wave breaks
On the shore
Evormore.

Evermore, In flecks of foum, the moon-kissed sands to

As I breathless lie and listen,
Oft doth it weirdly chance
That my soul thrills of a sudden
'Neath some passing sonl's warm glance,
And I live a life that's painless,
Pure and stainless:
Where no throb,
Or the sob
Of labored breath, can ever break my trance.

Strange Stories.

RAVEN OF RAVENHILL. A LEGEND OF WALES.

BY AGILE PENNE.

Angry storm-clouds were scudding across the leaden-colored slay. The white top of Snowden's Peak—the giant of the hills—was breaking the black clouds, as the furious wind drove the dark masses against it. It was in the time of James, the First, the Scottish king, whom the death of the second Charles had called to the English

A small hunting-party, noble gentlemen and ladies fair, had halted by the mountain's

side and were casting many an anxious glance up at the stormy sky.

"By my faith, we must find shelter or we shall get a ducking!" cried a stalwart cavalier, known as Roland Cardower. He was a landed gentleman, of great wealth. By his side, rode his sister, Maud; a fair type of the blooming English beauty, with her golden curls and full, blue eyes. "Ay, but where shall we find shelter?"

cried a younger cavalier than Roland, by name, Edward Graham.

"Yonder?" exclaimed Cardower, pointing to a dark pile of ruins, far to the north.
"What! seek shelter in Ravenhill?" cried Graham, in astonishment.

And why not? The night will soon be here. We are far from home, and the storm threatens. In the ruins of Raven-hill, we can find shelter for the night."

As her brother's words fell upon Maud's ears she could not repress a slight start.

Maud's emotion was noticed by the darkeyed beauty, Lucy Graham, who rode by her side, and noticed by her alone. "Come, then, for Ravenhill!" cried Gra-

ham, and the party rode on.

As they proceeded, Lucy Graham seized a favorable moment to exchange a few words in secret with Maud.

"Why did my sweet Maud start at the mention of Ravenhill?" she asked. "Is it possible that Maud Cardower still loves the heir to ruined Ravenhill's glories?"
"Yes," replied Maud, with a hurrie

around to note if any one was nigh to over-hear her words. "Lucy, I will confide all to you. You know that Gerald Raven, the to you. last of the proud Ravens of Ravenhill, who once held yonder ruined castle, was my lover. But he was poor, and my haughty brother would not listen to his suit. He left England and sought for fortune in for-eign lands. Now he has returned. I have seen him. We arranged to meet to-night in vonder ruins and then-

You are to fly with him?"

"But will not our visit to the castle interfere with your plans?" "I think that I can steal away. We were to meet just after nightfall in the moat by the western gate. He will guess that our

party has sought shelter from the storm in the ruins, and be careful." The hunting-party entered the ruins just as the shades of night were vailing in the

earth. Fires were lighted in the great hall of the ruined castle, and the visitors prepared for

The threatened storm had passed away, but inky darkness covered all objects with its mantle of gloom. The cavaliers and ladies gathered around

the fires; the luncheon that the servants carried was discussed, and merry tale and jest passed quickly around.

Is there not some story connected with this ruin?" asked one of the ladies.
"Yes, but 'tis a horrible tale," replied

Graham. 'Let us have it, by all means!" cried a

cavalier, gayly.
"Attention then for the story of the Ravens of Ravenhill. Just before the revolu-tion that cost good King Charles his crown and head, there were two brothers, Richard and Alan, the last of the race of Rayen. Richard, the elder, held this castle. the younger, was a wild and desperate blade. The brothers did not agree, for they were as unlike as day and night. When the revolution commenced, and the Roundheads under Cromwell and Fairfax were pressing the royal troops hard, Richard Raven held stoutly for his king. Alan, on the contrary, espoused the cause of the Parliament, and one night, with a band of ruffians, surprised this castle. With his own hand, in yonder room, he killed his brother, and threw the bleeding corpse from the window into the

court-yard."
All the listeners involuntarily turned their eyes in the direction that Graham indicated. They saw a massive iron doorway; beyond that, inky darkness, and then they turned

again to Graham.

Mand's eyes alone lingered on the doorway, and, to her astonishment, she saw the white face of her lover, Gerald Raven, framed by the darkness. Slowly he beckned for her to come. Seated as Mand was, once from the rost the seally gained the apart from the rest, she easily gained the doorway and disappeared in the gloom without her action being noticed by any of the party grouped around the fire.

"Alan Raven having won the castle, kept

it," said Graham, continuing the story.
"Many a deed of horror did he and his ruthless followers commit, and the name of Raven of Ravenhill made all tremble. It was said, too, that this same Alan was in league with the Powers of Darkness; that he was deep in the mysteries of the Black Art, the occult science that he had studied in Italy. A strange old Italian servant, who followed at his heels like a dog, was said to be the agent, by means of which Alan Raven communed with the spirits of

"But, the powers of evil could not save him from earthly vengeance. By a sudden attack, the royal forces surprised Ravenhill castle; the garrison was put to the sword and Alan Raven was flung headlong from the same window whence, but a year before, his fratricidal hand had flung his brother. his fratricidal hand had flung his brother. One alone escaped the slaughter, the Italian servant. By means of a secret portal he fled. In the morning, when the victors looked for the body of Alan Raven, it had disappeared. The soldiers cried that the Evil One had claimed his own. This happened some fifty years ago, and since that time the spirit of Alan Raven, men say, has been seen in the full light of the new moon pacing along the towers of these ruins."

"But, who is this young Gerald Raven?" 'But, who is this young Gerald Raven?"

asked one of the cavaliers.

"A descendant of Richard Raven, a grandson. His father, then a boy, was in France at the time of Richard's death, and so es-caped his father's fate. The family were ruined by the revolution and have never at-tempted to build up these ruins.

A piercing scream rung out on the still air. Startled, with white faces, all of the little party sprung to their feet.

Then forth from the darkness of the arched portal, staggered Maud Cardower and fell with a stifled groan by the side of

Eagerly her brother sprung to her side. She was dead! No wound, save in her white throat where there were some strange red marks like the

Horror-stricken, the little group of cavaliers and ladies gazed upon the pallid face of the fair girl who but a moment before had been in their midst in the ripe fullness

Who can have done this?" cried the brother, with trembling lips.

Then from the gloom of the doorway came a figure as if in answer to the ques-

Without thought, save that he looked

Roland departed with his burthen to per-

form his vow.

Hardly had he left the ruined hall, when oung Gerald Raven entered it. He came rom the chamber where his promised wife

Raven had been detained by the lameness of his horse, who had cast a shoe on the rough mountain road. Not finding Maud at the appointed place of meeting, he had come boldly in, determined to claim her of

her brother.

Wild was the anguish of the young lover as he knelt by the body of the woman he had loved and lost. But when he heard the story of the death of the man who bore such a strange resemblance to him, and examined the red marks in the throat of Maud, a terrible suspicion shot through his brain. remembered a strange old legend told by his father, and the hero was Raven of Ra-

"Who will go with me to the Peak of Snowden?" Gerald cried, springing to his feet.
"I" replied Graham, who was a school-

"Come, then, in heaven's name!" exclaimed Gerald, evidently under the influence of some strong emotion. "Perhaps it is my fate to destroy the terrible curse that clings to the ruins of Ravenhill, for know, Graham, that no man, woman or child ever passed a night within these fatal ruins, and lived to see the morning light."

"But the murderer?" cried Graham, in horror.

Some terrible being who craves human blood! One wound alone he leaves on his victims—the mark of teeth in the throat. See, there it blazons on the white neck of her who was dearer to me than all the world besides. But come, let us solve this strange mystery, if it be possible."

With eager steps the two young men climbed the steep side of Snowden's Peak.

The sky was hung with gloom, save where, afar off in the dark horizon's line, was the soft light that heralded the coming of the rising moon.

A thousand yards or so from the summit

of the Peak the path turned abruptly to the At the turn the two met Roland Cardow-

er, pale, and the great sweat-drops rolling from his brows. He started when he beheld young Raven.
"I know all!" cried Gerald; "for the sake of thy dead sister, let there be peace

Frankly Roland took the proffered hand.

The Banker's Secret. LIFE SKETCH OF THE "MOUND CITY,"

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

The relations of Nettie Venner were highly gratified, and her friends said that she had done very well and wisely, when she married John Harris. That she was lucky to have made a match so far above what she might naturally have looked for

ward to and expected.

John Harris was considered one of the "solid men" of the Mound City, and was senior partner in a bank that ranked high in the estimation of business men. The banker was a very popular man, not only among his own circle, but also those usually considered inferior to the "upper ten." He was a church member, always occupying his prominent pew upon the Sabbath, and a generous sum always followed his name

on subscription lists for charitable purposes. He had often relieved the wants of some destitute family, to whom his attention had been drawn, but the circumstance was sure to find its way into the newspapers, so that sundry uncharitable persons more than once hinted at "keeping a local editor in pay." But, such slanders could not affect the standing of the wealthy and good banker, and he smiled blandly, but with a trace of cynical disdain as the rumors met his ear.

Mr. Harris lived alone in his costly man-sion on P——street, having no relations in the city, and his servants were all men, even to the cook and housekeeper. This trait—added to his age—he had nearly completed his fourth decade—satisfied the curious that he was a confirmed old bachelor, and so the fact of his marriage created quite a sensation.

There was a tinge of romance in the way he first made the acquaintance of Nettie Venner, that only a very few persons knew. One day John Harris happened to be in a jewelry store down-town when a neatly dressed young lady entered, and making way for her, the polite banker motioned the salesman to wait upon her wishes. Selecting some little article, the lady offered a

ing some little article, the lady offered a three-dollar bill in payment.

The keen-eyed clerk paused and glanced at it, then at her, and without a word passed back to where one of the principals was standing. After a short consultation the latter came forward, saying:

"You offered this bill, madam?"

"Certainly sir" wonderingly realied the

"Certainly, sir," wonderingly replied the



upon the murderer of his sister, Roland drew his pistol, leveled it at the stranger and

With a deep sigh, the unknown staggered into the room and fell upon his knees. Wildly the stranger pressed his hand upon his breast.

The life-blood was flowing, freely The stranger was dressed in a sober garb of gray. His face was deadly white, and at first glance, Roland thought that he looked upon the features of Gerald Rayen, for the dying man was like enough to him to be his brother. But the stranger was a man of thirty-five, while Gerald Raven was

barely twenty. "Why have you murdered me?" gasped the unknown, in a strange, unearthly voice, sinking on his side as he spoke. "Villain! did you not kill my sister?" cried Roland, approaching and bending over

"What, I? no," replied the wounded man, faintly. "I am a stranger, and wandering in my way, sought this pile of ruins as a refage from the bleak air of the night. As I entered yonder room, I heard a faint scream and the rustle of a woman's dress, then the sound of flying footsteps. I followed and received your shot here in my breast. I am

dying and you are my murderer."

Horror-stricken, Roland knelt by the side of the bleeding man. "But my sister's death?" Roland stam-

mered "Why charge me with the crime?" moaned the man. "I am a stranger; just returned to Wales after long years in a foreign land. Why should I commit a needless crime? I am dying—my strength is going fast; you have wantonly killed me!"

"Oh, fatal mischance!" cried Roland in

"I pardon you on one condition," said the stranger, faintly. "I am of a new re-ligion; by the tenets of my faith my body is forbidden the earth until for a brief time t be exposed to the rays of the moon. charge you then, when life departs this fee-ble frame, bear me to the top of the Peak of Snowden and there leave me; the moon

will soon rise. I swear to fulfill your wishes!" exclaimed Roland, taking the thin, white hand of the stranger within his own. The hand was cold as death and chilled the blood of

the young soldier within his veins.

With a lifeless gasp the stranger sunk, lifeless to the floor. Roland raised the body in his arms; the form of the stalwart stranger was as light "Gerald Raven, I have wronged thee; would to heaven that I had freely given Maud to thy care; perhaps it might have saved her from the dreadful fate that this night has come so heavy upon her. What have you done with the body?"

asked Gerald. Placed it at the summit of the Peak," replied Roland, with a shudder. task I would not do again to save myself from death. As I climbed the mountain's side, it seemed as if the air was full of dark shapes hovering around me, and evil, shadowy hands seemed trying to pluck the corpse from my shoulder."
"Come with me," said Gerald, solemnly;

'if the old legend be not false, we shall see a terrible sight." Without a word, the two followed Ra-

Concealed by a jutting rock, the three crouched down and watched the dark form of the stranger extended upon the rock.

The moon climbed slowly up in the heavens. The soft beams whitened the

mountain-peaks; they fell upon the face of the dead man. Stronger and stronger grew the moon-beams. The body moved convulsively, then rose to its knees, and then to its feet. The

stranger, thus restored to life, tore open his doublet and shirt, exposing the wound in his bosom to the rays of the moon. 'Death, I defy thee!" he cried, in metallic tones. A pistol-shot, fired by Gerald, answered

his defiance. The stranger uttered a howl of agony, then fell from the Peak, and was dashed into a thousand pieces in the dark ravine below, where the moonbeams never

"I have destroyed the demon of my race!" Gerald cried. "That was the spirit of Alan Raven—a vampire who fed on human blood. The life-current in his veins was stolen from his victims. From the wound in the throat he sucked their blood. Should he be killed by mortal hand, the moonbeams had power to restore him to life, if such an

existence as his can be called life The spell was broken. The ruins of Ravenhill were haunted no more. Far down in the deep, dark ravine molder the bones of Raven of Ravenhill.

THE "great snow storm," as it is called by our fathers, was from the 20th to the 24th of February, 1717. The snow, which varied from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, covered the one-story houses then so common in New England. Cotton Mather described it as "an horrid snow.

Did you not know that it was counterfeit?

"Excuse me, madam, if I speak plainly, but we have been so much troubled with bad bills of late that we have resolved to put a stop to it if possible. We must make an example of some one, or we may as well close up our business. I regret it exceedingly, but I must ask you to explain how you came by this note?" coldly added the merchant, with his hard blue eyes fixed upon the deeply suffused face of the

She did not answer, but shrunk back from the unfeeling stare, as if affrighted. Mr. Harris noted this and stepped for-

Allow me to look at this for a moment, Mr. R—. You know I am a judge of such matters," he said, blandly. 'Certainly; as you see, it is one of the

new counterfeits on your bank. Harris closely examined the note for a moment, and then dropped it with a smile, at the same time drawing forth his notebook

"Really, Mr. R-," he said, "I can not compliment you upon your discernment, for this is a good bill. I should know my own signature. To gratify you I will take it myself and give you another. Luckily I was here to save you from a blunder that might well have cost you dearly, and also, to be of some service to this lady," and he

bowed politely to the latter. "If you say so, Mr. Harris, of course it is all right, and I beg the lady's pardon;" but there was a look upon the merchant's face that flatly contradicted his words, only the great banker was by far too valuable a cus-

"Sir, I am very grateful for your kindness," faltered the lady, "and I will accept the loan as I have no more money with me;

"There is no loan at all. I simply give you a good bill for one equally as valuable. Allow me," and Harris politely presented one of his cards, and then left the store.

But the matter did not end there. Wilson Venner, the father of the lady whom Harris had served, called upon the banker to express his thanks, and the acquaintance thus formed led to the capitalist's becoming a frequent visitor at the house of Venner. He soon conceived a violent passion for Nettie, and one day avowing his love was

accepted. Nettie was not so mercenary as many of her friends supposed. From gratitude, she grew to like Harris, until at last, she loved

him sincerely. He was twice her age, but he stood the attack of time remarkably well, and did not appear above thirty. Indeed he seemed to be one of Nature's noblemen. But with all this, we do not say that the thought of the fine mansion she could preside over, and the life of contented ease she would live when every wish could be grati-fied, had not its influence upon Nettie's decision, for she would not have been woman,

And so they were married.

The papers contained the usual quantity of allusions to the "brilliant wedding;" the people discussed it, wondering at his taste, and envying Nettie her luck, and then matters once more resumed their usual

For a year Nettie lived happily, with but one great sorrow or grief. The little boybaby that was born unto them, sickened and died. Then as if this was the cue for which he was waiting, John Harris began to reveal his inner self to his wife.

He became unkind and even brutal; would insult and endeavor to hurt her feelings in every way possible. After business hours he would often remain at the dinner-table and drink rich wines until he fell from his chair, or if he paused before, it was only to abuse his wife, and more than once she had lain awake all night, unable to sleep for the pain of the bruises he had inflicted during his madness.

As a natural consequence her love began to wane, and hatred and loathing to take its place. Still, she did not dare complain to her friends, nor did she care to brave public comment by applying for a divorce. And one night she learned why it was that John Harris kept only men-servants, besides

her own maid. He boasted that all his wealth had been gained by stupendous frauds. That he was the head and acknowledged chief of a secret oand of "coneymen"—counterfeiters—and that the implements used were concealed within that very house, where the printing of bogus bank-notes was carried on by their servants.

Nettie was incredulous. She could not believe that the man she had once loved was so deep-dyed a villain, despite what she had already seen. Harris was half wild with drink, and noting her doubt, forced her to accompany him down into the cellar, where he opened a secret door, and bade her look

The proof lay before her eyes in the presses, the chemicals, and the piles of bank-note paper as well as a quantity of printed she its that were scattered in profusion upon the ground floor. As the fearful truth broke upon her mind, Nettie uttered a low

groan and sunk, fainting, to the floor.

Partially sobered by the sight of his wife lying there so pale and deathlike, and already regretting his indiscretion in thus exposing his black secret, Harris tenderly raised the senseless form in his arms and carried her to her cover your where he successions. carried her to her own room, where he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

For some time after this event the bank-er's manner changed entirely, and he treated Nettie with the tenderness and care that had marked the earlier days of their wedded life. But, this dread scoret preyed upon the wife's mind, and sadly changed her from her former self. But John Harris solemnly declared that he would forever abandon his nefarious pursuits, and would have no more dealings with the gang that called him leader. And Nettie, believing him, resolved

to bury the secret in her own breast.

For several months this new state of affairs continued, and Nettie began to believe that they might be happy even yet; but it was fated not to last. The banker, still quoted as a model of business integrity and pointed to as an exemplary Christian by the outer world, proved a brutal fiend at home.

One of his assaults upon Nettie prostrated her upon a bed of sickness for weeks, and when she recovered, she told her husband that at his next act of a like nature she would expose him to the retribution of an outraged law. He laughed her threat to scorn, but still it seemed to impress him scorn, but cared to admit. Yet, when in liquor, the pent-up malignity would find exit.

And the time came when he again maltreated his long-suffering wife. That night Nettie wrote a note that occasioned great commotion at the private office of the chief of police, the next day. It read as fol-

If you desire to break up the gang of coun-"If you desire to break up the gang of counterfeiters, who have so long defied you, and capture the chief, call at the house of John Harris, Banker, on P—— street. You will find the presses and other implements in a vault beneath the house, opening into the cellar. As a proof of what I state, find inclosed a sheet of forged notes, samples of what you will discover there. John Harris is the chief.

"A FRIEND of JUSTICE."

That same night a squad of policemen, in civil dress, rung at the mansion of John Harris. Learning that the master was at nome, they entered and sent up word for him to come down. Harris and his wife were together in the sitting-room, and when the message was delivered, John asked the

Who is he, Sam?" "It's more than one, sir," replied the man, in a troubled tone. "There's nearly a dozen, and I'm sure I know one of them to be a

That will do, Sam," coldly replied Harris, rising. "Go tell them that I will be down in a moment."

The servant left the room, and Harris turned toward his wife. A peculiar smile played upon her features, pale and worn

with long suffering. "This is your work, Nettie!"
"It is. I told you that you would drive me to it at last, and you have. They are policemen, and they know the secret of your

vault down-stairs. The banker uttered a low, fierce snarl of rage, and drawing a small revolver from his breast, he leveled it full at his wife. She did not shrink, and her smile still further enraged him. With a bitter curse, he fired, and Nettie fell to the floor, with a low

Then the murderer sprung from the room with the intention of seeking safety in flight. But he was too late. The shot had alarmed the officers, and rushing up-stairs they con-fronted the banker. Harris only paused for a moment, and then the pistol-muzzle was pressing against his temple.

A shot followed, and then a heavy fall. One groan and the criminal escaped mortal

The matter was hushed up as much as possible, but a part of the truth leaked out, and furnished rather more than a nine-days' wonder for the Mound-Cityites.

Nettie, after a long struggle with death, finally recovered, and returned to her pa-

rents. But she did not live long. Her trials had been too great, and she sunk beneath the effects of them.

Storm-Staid.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"IF you would only get married, Ray!"
Mrs. Emerson, Raynor Day's pretty, matronly sister, laid her plump hand beseechingly on that gentleman's arm.
"Nonsense, Girty! I couldn't wind your worsteds and feed your poodle if I turned Benedict, and that's about all I'm good

He turned his mischievous face toward the lady, who gave an indignant little cry.

"Raynor Day! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for telling such a story, when you know you are ust the dearest, kindest brother a woman could have. Only good enough to—the idea!"

"Well" work on handsome Pay in head

"Well," went on handsome Ray, as he leaned back in Mr. Emerson's easy-chair, "supposing that is your opinion, it does not follow that everybody agrees therewith."

"But they do; and, what's more, you know you are a favorite—you conceited here."

know you are a favorite—you conceited boy!"

"With you and the poodle? Very probably, yes. But, seriously, Gertrude, do you wish me to get married?"

Mrs. Emerson's blue eyes lighted up at the unusual earnestness her brother paid to the oft-discussed question between them.

"Do I wish it? Raynor, I'd give half I'm worth to see you married to some pretty, good girl, and settled down in your own house. You could furnish such a love of a You could furnish such a love of a

home for your wife, Ray."

A funny little smile appeared upon Mr.
Day's lips, as he peered steadily at his sis-

"Who is this lady you are evidently think-ing of as the future Mrs. Day? I see by your manner you've got it all 'cut and dried' for me, even to the color of the curtains in the drawing-room.

Then Mrs. Emerson laughed. "I acknowledge I am discovered! Honestly, Raynor, I do want you to marry this lady I've selected for you. One of the best, prettiest, most lady-like of girls, intelligent, and, withal, so roguish and merry—"

Ray drew a long breath.

"Oh, spare me, Girty! how ever could I exist where such a specimen of perfection took up her abode?" But Mrs. Emerson, only lifting up her fore-

finger and saucily shaking it at her incorrigible brother, went bravely on.

"I continue, and aver that, besides all these attractions, she possesses one that outshines them all; she is talented, and writes for one of our leading New York papers such exquisite neems." such exquisite poems

Raynor raised his eyebrows in sarcastic "Indeed! and might I venture to inquire the name of this earthly goddess? I con-fess I am in danger of being converted to your theory that a man can fall in love, af-

You will admire her name as much as herself. It is Floretta.'

"Floretta what?"
Then Mrs. Emerson hesitated a second, and laid her hand on her brother's arm. "I thought you'd recognize her by the description. I mean Miss Pelham."

A hot blush suffused Raynor's face for a moment; then he shook off his sister's gen-

moment; then he shook on his sister's gontle detaining hand.

"So Miss Pelham's name is Floretta, is it?
and she's a poetess? Very well, Girty; but
you might have spared yourself all this
trouble. I shall not marry Miss Floretta

The shall not marry Miss Flor

Mrs. Emerson was amazed at the unusual and uncalled-for force in her brother's remark, and her blue eyes opened wider as she looked at his half-angry face.

"Why, Raynor, you always professed a great friendship for her, even if you never saw her; and just think of the messages you've sent in my letters. I know she thinks a great deal of you."

a great deal of you."

"That's a pity! Girty, don't ever mention her name to me again."

And the gentleman donned hat and overcoat, and went out of Mrs. Emerson's par-

"It's very strange," that little matron thought to herself, as she watched his re-ceding figure, "it's very strange, indeed! But there's a mistake somewhere, I am cerrain; Floretta likes him, and he likes her, and they've got to be married! and I shall make it an especial act of Christian duty to bring it about!"

And she drew down the white linen shade with an air of determination that Mr. John Emerson would have declared was useless

"There's no earthly use of our trying to get any further, Aunt Retta; the carriage-wheels are so blocked now that Pete will be obliged to shovel the snow from them. Hadn't we better stop at this tavern?"

Floretta Pelham's pretty, rosy face was smiling from her white swan's down hood, as she looked from the snow-clogged wheels to the sour, cross face opposite her, encased in a quilted black satin bonnet.

It always snows when one least expects it; and the more inconvenience I'm put to, the less you seem to care.'

Floretta was not in the least disconcerted by these caustic words; she was too used "Mrs. Emerson sent particular word for me to be there, and now we can spend our afternoon at this wretched country tavern,

I suppose."
"Perhaps they've a sleigh, auntie? We can easily get on to Girty's, then."

Floretta sprung lightly out into the soft

"I'll see, at any rate! No, Pete, you stay with Miss Pelham; I can get along easily

She laughingly waded through the blinding whirls of snow that settled over her in beauteous purity.

There was no sleigh to hire, she reported, when she came back, but Mr. Day had gone past a couple of hours before in his sleigh, and was going to stop at the tavern on his return. He would take them.

A smile lit up Miss Retta's sallow face. "Raynor Day! why, Floretta, that is the gentleman who sent me the little note begging my picture and a permission to corre-A little blush tinged Floretta's pretty

cheeks, but she answered, gayly:

"And a fine opportunity you will have of cultivating his acquaintance. I have heard he was very handsome." "And who told you, I'd like to know?"

Miss Retta turned with jealous eyes to Floretta.
"Why, Girty, in her letters to me, of

"Well, you needn't go to falling in love with him and try to cut me out. It's a blessed satisfaction to know he's got my picture; to be sure he didn't answer my letter, though, when I come to think of it, I don't wonder, for I am afraid I wrote it on the back of one of your sheets of manuscript; those verses you composed on 'A Conceited Man.' He may regard them as personal. I can apologize, though, and ex-

A burning blush suffused Floretta's fea-

"Oh, Aunt Retta! how could you be so thoughtless—so careless? I hope, indeed, he will not be offended." "What difference does it make to you, I would like to know? When he's your un-

cle you can tell him." The two had reached the inn, and a warm, heery room was assigned them until Mr.

Day should return with his sleigh. They had only warmed themselves comfortably, when Raynor, in his elegant double-sleigh and prancing horses, came dashing to the door.

He gave a groom the reins and ran into the sitting-room, where the ladies sat, all unconscious of what awaited him. Miss Retta sprung from her chair—her thin, ugly face all smiles.

"Why, I do declare! Mr. Day, is it really She caught his hand and shook it cordial-

ly, while he bowed frigidly.

"Miss Floretta Pelham, I believe? I recognize the original of the photograph Yes, I am Miss Floretta Pelham, Mr.

Day, and that's my niece"
Raynor had been glancing curiously at
the graceful figure whose face was from him; and, now, when the sharp words "my niece" constrained her to turn around he

could hardly repress a cry of delight, so fair, so sweet she looked.

With easy self-possession, and yet with a flush on her cheeks that somehow sent a strange thrill to Raynor's heart, she extended her little gloved hand, that, for the very oul of him, Raynor could not help detain ing a single second. She looked up, in sweet confusion, and their eyes met.

After that, acquaintance was blissfully easy to accomplish. Miss Retta glanced down on them, yet prudence forbade her to interfere as she desired. So she spoke very sweetly—she thought—to Ray.
"We are on a visit to Mrs. Emerson, Mr.

Day, but our carriage can not proceed through the snow. If you will kindly give us a seat in your sleigh—?" "With the greatest delight, Miss Pelham, and this lady, Miss—"
It was a clever artifice to learn the fair girl's name; but Miss Retta was equal to the

My niece will thank you, I'm sure.

"My niece will thank you, I'm sure."
So Raynor helped Miss Retta in, and then tenderly assisted "the niece," tucking the thick, soft robes carefully around her.
The ride was necessarily silent, but Raynor Day was all the time wondering who that lovely girl was, and if she had fallen in love with him as he had with her? How he despised that Miss Pelham, to whom he had written, in his romantic, impulsive manner, after hearing Girty read a letter from

ner, after hearing Girty read a letter from her one day! Then that picture had come; and a letter,

so different from Girty's, had reached him, written on the blank side of a poem that

being pretty-why, Girty must be demented

But then, this charming little blue-eyed girl; why, he was tempted to deliberately turn around and kiss those red lips, and ask her to marry him! He would, too, if there was the first glimpse of encouragement in her actions!

Raynor was a happy man when he escorted the ladies into Mrs. Emerson's warm parlor, where she sat sewing.
With a smile of welcome, she kissed the

younger girl in a way that made Ray horri-Floretta Pelham! you darling! Where

in the world did you come across Raynor? Miss Pelham, I am so glad to see you!"

She shot her brother a glance of amaze-Ray bowed reverentially to Floretta, "the

"I am so delighted to learn your name, Floretta. I presume Miss Pelham, Sr., re-ceived the letter I sent for you?"

Miss Pelham's eyes snapped vengefully.
"Yes, I presume I did! What difference does it make?

Ray laughed. "All the difference in the world. Because, if this Floretta will have me, I want her to take me and love me as I love her;

and be my wife. Will you, on so short a personal acquaintance?"

What Floretta said may be inferred from the fact that her aunt would not speak to her for weeks and weeks; and then, only when Raynor kissed her and called her "auntie," which was a little different from Floretta, Jr., calling him "uncle."

Mrs. Emerson knows now how it all hap-pened, and only regrets that she was not permitted to be the instrument to bring it about; but she consoles herself with a slight alteration of a popular proverb: La femme propose, dieu Cupid dispose.

The White Witch: THE LEAGUE OF THREE

A STRANGE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "HEART OF FIRE," "WOLF DEMON, "SCARLET HAND," "ACE OF SPADES," ETC.

> CHAPTER XVI. "BREAKING IT OFF."

The warm blood crimsoned Agatha's face at the accusation of her sistsr:
"I love Mr. Montgomery?" she said, slow-

"Yes, you do!" cried Frances, quickly and in angry tones. "Do you think that I am blind? I am not, even if he is. I have

seen it from the first." "Frances, you do not know what you are saying," said Agatha, in confusion.
"Do I not?" exclaimed the blonde beauty, in scorn.

"Why should I love him?" asked the girl, vainly trying to appear calm.

"You can answer that question better than I can," replied Frances, disdainfully.

"But, why do you attempt to conceal the truth from me? I know that you do love

"Like a brother; yes, I acknowledge that," said Agatha, the tell-tale blood again

flushing her cheeks, scarlet.

"Like a brother!" repeated Frances, scornfully; "he will never be your brother."

"Is he not to be your husband?" asked

Agatha, in wonder Never!" cried Frances, impetuously.

Are you not engaged to be married to

"That engagement is ended, or will be, the next time we meet," said Frances.
"But why?" It was now Frances' turn to be confused.
"I am not aware that I am obliged to answer your questions," said the girl, in anger.
"Oh, Frances, don't speak that way to
me!" exclaimed Agatha, affected almost to

Then why do you question me? Can't you see that I am out of temper?" said Frances, pettishly. "I did not know that you and Angus—I

mean Mr. Montgomery"—and Agatha quickly corrected her speech—"had quar-

"There has been no quarrel between us. Agatha, I do not choose to give you, or any one else, my reasons for the step I am about to take. It is enough that my reasons are good," Frances said, firmly.
"This will be a sad blow to Mr. Montgom-

Agatha said, slowly.

"Yes, and like all the rest of the 'lords of creation,' he loves three or four others at the same time."

"How can you say so?" exclaimed Agatha, quickly. "Oh, Frances, I am sure that he loves you, and you only."
"You are a child!" said Frances, con-

temptuously. Yes, I am so much younger than you," and on Agatha's face a slight smile appear-

"In worldly experience you are," retorted Frances, quickly. "But I don't know why I should talk with you about Mr. Montgomery. All is at an end between us. And now, you can bewitch him with your little innocent ways as soon as you like."

The contemptuous words of Frances stung Agatha to the quick. "Why should you think that I care for Mr. Montgomery?" she asked. "Do you think so meanly of me as for a single instant to imagine that I have tried to attract the

attention of a man, whom I knew to be your promised husband?" For a moment Frances looked into Agatha's face without replying.

There was a wonderful difference between the two sisters. Frances, with her blue eyes and golden hair, was as unlike Agatha, with her ebon locks and dark eyes, as day

is to night.

"No, Agatha, I do not say that," Frances said, slowly. "I am ill-tempered—perhaps angry, but I will not be unjust. I know, Agatha, that you love Angus. I have seen the truth in your eyes—seen it in a hundred little actions. You look at him as if you wanted to eat him. And now I resign him, freely, to you. I give up all claim."

Frances, how can you say such a thing?" said Agatha, in sorrowful tones.

"Is it not better to speak the truth than to conceal it?" demanded Frances, pacing

Yes, and forever!" replied Frances, firm-

"Why, this is dreadful!" exclaimed Agatha, in blank dismay.
"Dreadful to discover the truth?" asked Frances, in chilly tones. "But I can not understand it—"
"And I do not choose to explain," interrupted Frances, haughtily. "All that I am

willing to say in defense of my action is

—I am sure I do not love Angus as I ought
to love my betrothed husband."

"But, you did love him?"

"Yes," and Frances cast down her eyes

for a moment as the memory of the past came back to her. She thought of the many, many times that she had told Montgomery that she loved him and him only, and then had given her lips up, willingly, to his correcces. "And you have changed?" Agatha asked slowly, and as she spoke she fixed her brilliant black eyes full on the face of her

Yes, I have changed, even at the risk of being called fickle and heartless, not only

by Angus but by every one else who hears of the affair," replied Frances, firmly.

"Are you sure that you know your own mind?" asked Agatha, putting the question

"Yes, for the first time!" answered Frances, quickly. "I have acted like a heartless flirt with a man who loves me better than Angus Montgomery ever dared to. I know this now, and I am sorry for what I have

done."
Frances, pacing with quick step up and down the room, did not notice the quiet smile that crept over her sister's face.
"Frances, I think that you are acting very hasty in this matter—"
"Agatha, will you oblige me by attending to your own affairs and letting mine alone?" exclaimed Frances, facing her sister, a scarlet spot burning in her white cheeks.
A ring at the door-bell stopped Agatha's answer.

answer.

"Perhaps that is Angus, now," Frances murmured, half to herself and half aloud.

"I'll go, then!" exclaimed Agatha, quickly; "but, Frances, don't be hasty."

Then she hastened from the room.

"I sow this long ago," Agatha murmured,

"I saw this long ago," Agatha murmured, as she ascended the stairs. "She does not know whom she loves; or rather, she doesn't love any one at all. First it was Tulip Roche, then Angus, and now—who? Well, time will tell."

Agatha was right; as yet, Frances Chauncy had never loved. As Frances had guessed, it was Angus Montgomery. She took the picture and replaced it in the book. The servant conducted Angus to the par-

The twilight of evening had come and the parlor looked sad and gloomy in the misty light as the young man entered it.

Frances rose to receive him—she had buried herself amid the cushions of a large

easy-chair at his approach—and extended her hand to him.

Angus felt a chill creep over him as he took the soft, white hand of the fair girl. There was no life in the little hand that lay within his broad palm. No cordial pressure bid him welcome. It was a hand of flesh, yet to Angus it seemed as though it was

Carved out of stone.

Quietly, Frances sunk back into the embraces of the huge chair, looking like some sceptered queen giving audience to a rebel-

Montgomery felt awkward. The greeting—or rather, the lack of it—had chilled

Mechanically — for Angus hardly knew what he did, so completely had Frances' strange manner confused him—he sat down in a chair that stood by his side, and, leaning his arm on the center-table, looked at the silent beauty as though she was a judge

and he a criminal waiting sentence.

For a few moments silence held possession of the room, and the two looked at each

other as though they were images in wax rather than living beings.

Montgomery felt decidedly uncomfortable. He experienced a peculiar sensation as though cold water was running down his back. He felt that he must break the awk-werd silvence. ward silence.

"I saw you at the window to-day as I passed," he said, slowly.
"Yes, and I saw you," replied Frances, quickly, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tones.

Montgomery felt that he had made an un-

Montgomery felt that he had made an unfortunate beginning.

"I was going to the Park with—"

"You need not trouble yourself to tell me where you were going, or who your companions were. I haven't the least bit of curiosity regarding the subject," Frances interrupted, in chilling tones.

Montgomery began to feel annoyed. He had visited Frances with the intention of explaining how it was that he came to drive out with O'Connel and the beautiful French girl. But, this chilling reception utterly girl. But, this chilling reception utterly confounded him. In his own mind he felt that he had not committed any act that should call down upon his head such a crushing weight of icy coldness.

"Then I suppose that you do not wish me to say any thing more about the subject?" he said, slowly.

"You are quite right. I do not care to hear any thing about it," Frances replied, in the same chilly tones. 'Well, then, I won't say any thing in re-

Montgomery was annoyed and showed it The cool way in which he spoke angered Frances. She did not intend to let the mat-

"I think that it is better that you should not speak of it," she said, significantly. Even in the gloom of the twilight, the girl saw the warm blood leap into Montgomery's face, and detected the angry flash

Frances, what do you mean by that?" he asked, quickly, and the tones of his voice showed plainly how deeply his pride was hurt by her words.

of his eves.

"If you can not answer the question, I shall not," she said, coldly. She strove to maintain her calmness, yet passion was surging wildly in her veins.
"Your words sound like an accusation, Frances,"—and his tone softened as he pronounced the name—the name of her he loved so well; "have I done any thing to displease you?" And rising, he advanced to the girl, took her hands in his own and looked steadily into her face.

restlessly up and down the floor.

"But, are you quite sure that it is the truth?" asked Agatha, timidly.

"Yes," and the clear tones of the girl showed no signs of indecision.

"Then it is all over between you and "Yes, you have displeased—disgusted me!" Frances said, contemptuously.

"Monteonery, dropped the little hands as

Montgomery dropped the little hands as though they had changed into coals of fire. He stared at Frances for a moment like one struck by some sudden shock. The young man had had many bitter things said to him in his life, but none that cut him like the careless words of the girl. In one single instant all the love that had filled his breast -for he had loved Frances Chauncy better than he ever loved any other woman—fled, and in its place came contempt—almost loathing. He now despised the woman that but one little minute ago he had wor-

Nothing in this world will kill a man's love so quick as the knowledge that the object of his love is unworthy of it. The re-

ulsion then is sudden, complete One word had cured Angus Montgomery, He was not even angry with the woman who had tried to win his love—tried to make him love her, and then wished to humble him to the stature of the slave.

Frances Chauncy had "counted without the host," for she had roused the pride of Montgomery, and that pride was so strong that it even carried love before it. She had wished to dismiss him "humbled," but he was about to retire with the laurels of a vic-

Mentally he congratulated himself on his escape.'

CHAPTER XVII. MONTGOMERY AND HIS "FRIENDS."

Montgomery looked at Frances with a peculiar expression upon his face.

She did not understand the meaning of the look, and it puzzled her.

"It is all over, then," Montgomery said, Yes," replied Frances.

Someway, it pained her to utter the word.

"Give me back my letters, please; here are yours," and the young man took an envelope from his breast-pocket and gave it to In the envelope were six or eight dainty little notes. Frances Chauncy had little idea how An-

gus Montgomery had treasured the foolish,

The girl was annoyed.

Her action had not taken the young man by surprise, as she had supposed it would It was very evident to her—from the fact of his having her letters with him—that he had come prepared to end the love-affair existing between them.

"I will bring them in a moment," she said, coldly. Then she rose from her chair and left the room.

"By Jove!" Montgomery muttered to himself, as Frances disappeared, "this is going to be a lucky escape. I came prepared to confess my foolishness in being led into the company of this beautiful French girl, and to ask her forgiveness for the seeming fault, and, 'lo and behold!' in a single instant, with one stinging word, she rouses my pride, arms me against the blow which

she strikes to crush me. I ought to be very thankful, for the affair might have made me very miserable. As it is, I am glad that it

Then before the eyes of the young man, as he sat musing in the darkened parlor, rose a beautiful face; eyes of lustrous fire, dark as night's mantle, looked with love upon him; pouting lips, rosy-red, relieved the whiteness of the alabaster skin; all was perfection. It was the face of Leone that

Montgomery saw in his day-dream.
"What a contrast between that glorious creature, so full of life and fire, and this frigid, blue-eyed girl, whose nature is icycold and can not warm with passion's flame!" he murmured.

Then, as Montgomery thought on, he sud-

denly started.
"By Jove!" he cried aloud, as a remembrance flashed across his brain; "the White Witch! Her predictions are coming true. She said that the woman I loved would prove false to me, and she referred to Frances Chauncy. Is it a coincidence, or can it be possible that any one can guess the future? Bah! that is nonsense, and yet it is strange, to say the least. Who could it have been that so aptly played the part of the White Witch? Some one well acquaint-ed both with Frances and myself, that is evident. But how could any one guess that the girl and I would quarrel?"

For a moment or two, Montgomery was silent, plunged in deep thought.
"I have it!" he said, suddenly; "Frances "I have it!" he said, suddenly; "Frances has some confidant—some girl that knows her well, and guessed that she would prove false to me. That girl is the White Witch; I am sure of it! And now I will not rest until I have discovered who she is. It is astonishing that the sudden breaking off of the old love does not give me more pain," he continued thoughtfully. "Is it because he continued, thoughtfully. "Is it because a new one is beginning to take possession of a new one is beginning to take possession of my heart? Or is it that I have never really loved this girl? From the ease with which I am going to give her up, I should think that the latter was the truth."

The return of Frances put an end to the

young man's speculations.

Without a word, she gave the letters into his hand. Carelessly-not even looking at them-Montgomery tossed them into the open grate where burned a sluggish fire—the autumn air was quite chill.

air was quite chill.

A few puffs of smoke, a crackling of paper, a light blaze, and the passionate words of love that Angus Montgomery had written to Frances Chauncy vanished into air.

"Now my pictures; yours is in the envelope," Montgomery said.

Frances hesitated for a moment. She had

evidently not expected that he would re-

quest the return of his pictures. Then, from the album on the center-table, she took them and gave them to him. Deliberately the young man tore them into pieces and cast them into the fire. The girl could not misunderstand his meaning. He considered the pictures worthless. Her touch had contaminated

meaning.

Then, without a word, Montgomery left the house. As he turned at the door to close it behind him, he found that Frances had followed him and stood just inside the entry-way; her face white as the face of the dead. But Montgomery did not even deign

to look at her.
Slowly he descended the steps to the side walk, and then walked up the street.

The die was cast.

Angus Montgomery no longer loved Frances Chauncy.
Frances remained for a moment at the open door; then she closed it and re-entered the parlor. She was annoyed—angry. She had expected a stormy interview, and had prepared herself for it. She had looked for bitter reproaches, a torrent of words; but, on the contrary, she had been given up coolly and calmly, as if she had not been worth

the winning. He never cared any thing for me!" she exclaimed, as she thought over the scene that had just transpired. "If he had cared for me, he would not have given me up so Yet Frances had never loved Angus one-half as much as he had loved her. Her nature was cold—incapable of feeling the ardent passion that turns a desert into a paradise, and makes a heaven of happiness on this dull earth. Such love she could not understand. She had fancied Montgomery —first, because he was possessed of good looks; second, because he was rich. It is very probable that the second reason was

stronger far than the first. We will leave the spoiled child of fortune to her reflections, which were far from being pleasant, and follow Montgomery.

A block or so up the street the young man

met Tulip and O'Connel.
"What's the matter?" asked Roche. He noticed the grave look on Montgomery's "Oh, nothing particular," Montgomery replied, striving to appear unconcerned; "only a woman's whim." It is strange that in all affairs of the heart

a man is never happy until he has a confi-Tulip and O'Connel guessed the truth at once. They guessed that their plan had succeeded, and that Angus and Frances were as strangers to each other.

"A woman's whim, eh?" Tulip said, with a light laugh. 'I hope that it is nothing concerning "I hope that it is nothing contenting.

Miss Chauncy," O'Connel observed.

"You have hit the truth," Montgomery said; "the engagement between Miss Chauncy and myself no longer exists."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Tulip, in affected extensionment.

fected astonishment.
"Yes, it is possible," replied Angus; "we have parted, and forever." "But, can not the affair be arranged?"
suggested O'Connel.

But, the reason-pardon the question, perhaps I am trespassing," O'Connel said.
"Not at all. Come and dine with me, and I'll tell you all about it," Montgomery said. "You shall be the judges as to whether

I have acted right or wrong.' The two accepted the invitation, and Angus related all the particulars of the misunderstanding between himself and the

blonde beauty.
Of course, Tulip and O'Connel declared that he could not have acted otherwise, and that he was perfectly justified in doing what

he had done. Dinner over, the three adjourned to Angus' suuggery to enjoy their cigars.

"By the way," said Tulip, suddenly, "you spoke about having a safe to keep your valuables in, Angus!"

"Yes, I have one," replied Montgomery;

"it's much safer than to trust them to the mercy of some hardes when you want as the safer than to trust them to the



me some fine morning by decamping without notice, like the fleet-footed Catlin."

"But, then, there's the chance of being

"But, then, there's the chance of being robbed?" suggested O'Connel.

"Very little danger of that," Montgomery replied. "I keep the safe in my bed-chamber, and, as I'm a light sleeper, I think that it would be a difficult job for any one to get at it without waking me up."

"Do you know, Angus, I'd like to see it?" Tulip said. "I think that it is a capital idea, and I have half-a-mind to buy one myself."

Certainly, it's only in the next room,' Then the three young men entered the

bed-chamber. The safe stood in one corner of the room.

Montgomery knelt and opened it.
"You see, it can not be opened without knowing the combination," Montgomery Yes, I see," O'Connel replied, and he knelt by Montgomery's side and examined the lock of the little safe with great atten-

"It is clearly impossible for any one to pick such a lock as that, I should say," Tulip remarked, bending over the other two.
"Oh, clearly impossible!" O'Connel ex-

Then Tulip sauntered over to the other side of the room and took up a double-barreled shot-gun that stood in a corner.

What did this gun cost, Angus?" he asked. "I don't exactly remember; somewhere about a hundred and fifty, I think," Angus

"It's a breech-loader, isn't it? Come and show me how it works," Tulip said, examining the gun with great attention.

Angus rose to his feet, crossed the room, and commenced to explain the peculiarities of the gun to Tulip. His back was turned to the safe, where O'Connel was still on his

Hardly had Angus left his side, when O'Connel deftly drew the key from the lock of the safe, and, with a small piece of wax, which he drew from his vest-pocket—apparently provided for just such a chance as this-he took an impression of the key. Then he put the wax away, returned the key to its place, and closing the safe-door,

'Have you changed the 'combination?' Angus asked.
"No," O'Connel replied, rising and hand-

ing him the key.
"You see how it works?" Montgomery

"You see how it works?" Montgomery said to Tulip, referring to the gun.

"Oh, yes, perfectly," Tulip replied.

"By the way, Tulip, are you going anywhere this evening?" asked Montgomery, suddenly, putting down the gun.

"Yes, O'Connel and I were going to call upon the countess," Tulip said.

"Come with us," O'Connel added.

"No, no, don't ask him!" Tulip cried, in mock despair; "what chance will we have to make an impression if he goes?"

"Oh, I'm not a dangerous rival!" Mont-

"Oh, I'm not a dangerous rival!" Montgomery exclaimed, laughing.
"I submit under protest," Tulip rejoined.
"We will have time for a stroll down Broadway first," O'Connel said.
Then the three left the house.
As they passed into the street, Tulip contrived to exchange a word with O'Connel, unnoticed by Montgomery.

unnoticed by Montgomery

Did you succeed?" Tulip asked. Yes," O'Connel replied.
You had time enough?"

When will you make the attempt?"

"As soon as possible."
Then Montgomery joined them, and the three proceeded toward Broadway.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DOG-MAN CALLS UPON THE COUNTESS LEONE, now known to the world as Leone Epernay, the daughter of a French count but whom the reader knows better as Leone Basque, the music-teacher, sat in her luxuriantly furnished parlor and looked out on busy Broadway.

Idly she watched the ever-moving throng.

Her thoughts were elsewhere.

"It is a terrible game that Lionel is playing," she murmured, thoughtfully. "What can be his motive—money? yes; but something more than money. What can it be? Oh, I am tired of being his slave!" A wail of neip heartfelt, was in her voice as size. of pain, heartfelt, was in her voice as she spoke. "When will the time come that brings me release from my bondage? Not I fear, until I am in grave-clothes. Oh what a fate is mine. What am I? A lure to entice to ruin the man that I love with all my heart and soul. The beauty that nature has given me is now a curse. did not this man hate me? Yet, I can no find it in my heart to try and make him do so. No, in his presence, I am happy, I exert all my womanly gifts to make him like me I play well the part that Lionel has forced

think of it." And, sorrowfully, Leone buried her face in her hands. A low knock upon the door aroused her from her reverie.

me to act. I am ashamed of myself when I think of it." And, sorrowfully Leone

Leone, with a sigh, raised her head. "Come in!" she said, thinking that it was one of the servants of the hotel. In obedience to the order, the door opened

and a stranger entered. He was a man a little below the medium

size, dressed plainly, but not poorly. His face was a peculiar one, thin and with an impression of shrewdness visibly stamped

"I begs your pardon, ma'am," he said, with a low bow, removing his hat; "I'opes I ain't intruding, but would you like to buy

Then the man-who was Chris Pipgan in person—drew from a pocket of his coat one of the prettiest little dogs that Leone had ever seen. It was hardly higger than a rat, a terrier of the kind called black and tan. Leone was passionately fond of all living things, and, as the little puppy danced,

brisk as a bee, about the room, she could not help admiring it.

"I am afraid that it would be too much

trouble to keep him here in the hotel," she

Not a bit of trouble, ma'am, and he's the best tempered little hanimal that ever was." And as Pipgan spoke he was watch-

ing Leone, narrowly, with a covert glance. "No, I fear I could not take care of him,"

Why, he'll take care of himself, ma'am.' "What's his name?"

" Mally, ma'a "Mally? Why, what a strange name?" Leone said, in wonder.

Yes, it is hodd, isn't it, ma'am?" said the dog-fancier, thoughtfully, as if the odd-ness of the dog's name had just occurred to notice it. spoke, but in the darkness Angus did not

him. "You see, ma'am, Mally is short for Malper— Oh, Christmas! I've done it, now!" he cried, in excitement, for, at the mention of the name, Leone, with a low moan, had fainted.

'What a cussed fool I was to blurt it out!" he cried, in despair, as he bent over the senseless girl. "I might a-knowed that she ain't made of iron, but just the most delicate piece of handywork that old Mother Nature ever turned out; and now I've killed You fool, you!" and Pipgan began to tear his hair in despair, while the pappy, astonished at the noise, sat on its haunches and surveyed the scene with wonder.

A low sigh came from the girl.
A glass of water was standing on the table. Pipgan ran to it, and then returning to Leone's side, sprinkled the water over

Slowly, Leone's sense came back to her. She opened her eyes, wearily. As her look fell upon the face of the dog-fancier, she shuddered.

'I'm werry sorry you're sick, ma'am," he "I—I suppose that it was the heat of the room," Leone said, in confusion; her eyes searching the face of the stranger as though she expected to read something, written therein. But she saw nothing in his features

to excite her fears.
"You're better now, ma'am?" he said.

"Yes, much better," she replied.
"I'm very glad," and Pipgan showed it in his face. "Do you think that you'd like the little dog, ma'am?"
"I do not think that I could take care of

him." Then Leone looked wistfully into his face as if she wanted to say something more. But the dog-fancier pretended not to notice the look. 'It is a very pretty little dog," Leone said, absently.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Pipgan.
"What—what did you say the dog's name was?" Leone asked, her voice trembling, in spite of her efforts to appear calm and un-

"His name, ma'am?" Strange to say, the dog-man seemed to hesitate about answering the question.
"Yes, his name," repeated Leone.
"Mally, short for Malper, ma'am," said
the man, slowly, and raising his eyes to the

Again Leone tried to read the face of the dog-man, but again the attempt was useless.

"It is a very odd name," Leone said,

slowly.
"Yes, ma'am. I don't know who gave the puppy the name. The man that I bought him from yesterday said that was his name, and that was how I knew it," the

dog-man explained. "It is a very strange name," the girl said, absently.

To the keen eyes of Pipgan it was plain

To the keen eyes of Pipgan it was plain that the young girl's thoughts were neither of the dog nor of his name, but far away. "Then, you think that you don't want to buy a dorg?" Pipgan said, taking up the puppy and putting it away, snugly, in one of his large pockets.

"No, thank you," replied Leone.
"I axes your pardon, miss, for disturbing you," said Pipgan, awkwardly backing out. Then the door closed behind him.
Once secure from observation, Pipgan's manner changed entirely.

manner changed entirely.

Thoughtfully he stood, biting his fingers.

"Shall I?" he murmured. "Why not?

That's the question; why not? Anybody else would, why not I? Some chaps would else would, why not 1? Some chaps would coin many a bank-note out of this gold mine. How the name fetched her! Blessed if I didn't feel sorry for her, poor, young kitten! I wasn't sure about it; but, now, I'd take my 'davy' afore any 'beak' in 'Lunnun' town. What's to be done? that's the question. It will cost me a matter of fifty pounds to use the cable and telegraph maybe; and fifty pounds in gold is a good many dollars in greenbacks. But, as I said afore, why shouldn't I? I'll think over it."

Then Mr. Chris Pipgan took his way quietly out of the hotel.

After the departure of the dog-fancier Leone remained motionless, like one in a

For full ten minutes she sat, fixed as a statue; then she suddenly rose and began, restlessly, to pace up and down the room. What can this mean?" she exclaimed "Is this only a strange coincidence, or is it a warning of danger? Shall I tell Lionel? Ha! He will only laugh at me. Oh, what a foolish child I am to fear! I see a specter in every shadow, like a school-girl in the dark. I should have stronger nerves, for I will need them. I have a difficult scheme to carry out, and yet the thought of failure

has never entered my mind."

Then Leone seated herself again by the

With the evening came the three young men, Angus Montgomery, Tulip Roche and Lionel O'Connel.

As Montgomery clasped the taper fingers extended to give him welcome, felt the soft

pressure of the slender white hand, and saw the eyes of the young girl beam with delight, he felt a subtle influence stealing over him It was like the poison of the flowers, it lulled every sense to sweet forgetfulness, and yet

to forget—to sleep—was to die.

But, Angus Montgomery did not resist
the sweet, magnetic influence. In the glad smile of Leone he forgot Frances Chauncy and her heart of ice.

The evening passed rapidly away. At ten the three took their departure.
"What do you think of her?" asked O'Connel, carelessly, as they proceeded.

through Twenty-ninth street. The most beautiful woman that I have ever laid eyes on!" exclaimed Montgomery,

"What, Angus, as bad as that?" said

O'Connel, laughing.

"Oh, a clear case of love at first sight!"

cried Tulip, joining in the laugh.

"You may laugh as much as you please, gentlemen, but it is the truth," Montgomery

"What, that you are over head and ears in love with this divine creature?" exclaimed O'Connel. Pshaw! you know I didn't mean that!"

replied Montgomery; "but, laugh as much as you please, I freely confess that if the heart of Miss Leone is still her own, I intend to try and win it." Pistols and coffee!" cried O'Connel,

theatrically.
"We'll have to resign all claim!" exclaimed Tulip, in a tone of extreme sadness, and

with a comic look. "Do, and both of you shall assist at the wedding!" cried Montgomery, gayly.

A peculiar expression flitted across the faces of his companions as Montgomery

"Come, gentlemen, join me in a glass of champagne before you go home; drink to the success of my wooing!" exclaimed An-

gus.

"With all my heart!" Tulip cried.

"I second the motion," O'Commel added.
Then the three proceeded to Montgomery's house. With the foaming champagne in their glasses, the perfumed incense filling the air, they pledged the health of Leone, Countess of Epernay, and Angus Montgomery.

A second bottle followed the first, and

A second bottle followed the first, and then the little party broke up.

Angus accompanied his friends to the door, bade them "good-night," and then retired to his chamber.

Bright were the thoughts of the young man, and high were his hopes. The future looked clear and joyous. All the love that was in his heart for the blonde beauty, Frances Chauncy, had faded out, and in its place sprung up the fiery passion that the passionate dark eyes of the beautiful Leone had inspired.

Angus sat down by the window for a few minutes, looked out upon the darkness of the night, and vaguely speculated upon the

Then he proceeded to prepare for rest.

Angus turned the gas down low, and then It was some time before sleep came to

The face of the beautiful girl, Leone, danced before his closed eyes. Thoughts of her were in his mind and kept sleep from

But at last tired nature exerted its power, and Montgomery slept.

How long the young man had slept he knew not, when a sudden stealthy noise

aroused him.

He opened his eyes, and beheld two dark

forms, their faces concealed by black masks, standing by his bedside.

The gas, burning dimly, shed a weird light over the chamber.

Montgomery would have cried aloud, but a gleaming dagger at his throat checked his

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 49.)

Nellie's Peril.

BY "BRUIN" ADAMS.

The evening sun was dropping behind a heavy bank of clouds that lay along the western horizon, when Nellie Wayland left her father's cabin, and with a brisk step, and heart full of gladness, took her way down a secluded path that led to the old beech-tree that grew on the cliffs hard by the river

At the foot of this tree there was a rustic seat where, twice a week, the young girl met Harry Searl, a brave, stalwart and handsome young hunter, whose cabin lay across the range, some ten or more miles to

The young people had met a year previous to the opening of our story, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and from that time had dated a friendship that soon ripened into love. Their betrothal, with the glad consent of the old people, had followed, and they were now waiting for the coming of the day that was to realize all their

hopes.

The region of country in which was located the Wayland homestead—a large, strong, double cabin—was wild and unsettled in the extreme, and, during certain seasons, was infested by roving bands of savages, who came hither, either upon the warpath, or else engaged in their semi-yearly hunts.

Wayland knew his danger, and like a cautious man, guarded against it as much as possible, and so far had escaped scathless, but there were those who predicted that he would one day lose, not only his own life, but that all would be sacrificed.

But to return to Nellie.

As we have said, at the foot of the old beech-tree a rude though comfortable seat had been erected, from which a lovely view of dense forests, open glade, sparkling river, and rolling hills, could be had, the whole rendering the place a most delightful re-

On the right hand, and but few paces distant from the seat, ran a deep, narrow gorge, the rocky walls of which rose perpendicularly upward from the banks of a little creek that emptied its waters into the river just below, while upon the left a heavy belt of timber, beneath which grew a dense mass of undergrowth, swept round glade over which it threw, at early morning, and until noon, a refreshing shade. In front the ground, covered with a fine growth of maple, sloped gradually down to the "bottom-land" that lay alongside the

It was past the hour for Harry's appearance, and yet Nellie waited patiently, seated upon the rustic bench, and gazing dreamily out upon the vast expanse that lay spread

The parting rays of the sun, from over which the clouds had passed, lingered upon which the clouds had passed, lingered upon the gently-swaying tops of the great trees that rose, a solid wall of verdure, close by, and to this point, presently, the eyes of the young girl wandered. As she thus looked upward, something, she knew not what, for no sound had been made, caused her to lower her gaze until it rested upon the tan-gled mass of underbrush that sprung up be-tween the trunks of the larger trees.

tween the trunks of the larger trees.

The lightning is not quicker than the change that stole, or rather flashed, over

the young girl's face.

The color from cheek, brow and lip faded out, leaving a ghastly pallor instead, while the eyes, that a moment before were soft and humid, became fixed and stony in their expression.

With a quick, shuddering gasp, her arms fell powerless by her side, and she sunk back, utterly unable to move, even to think, back, utterly unable to move, even to thak, against the rugged trunk of the old beechtree. We were wrong when we said that Nellie Wayland had lost the power of thought. It was not so, and although fearfully shocked, her mind went quickly to work. Save by the sudden change that swept over her face, she gave no sign that any thing unusual had occurred, and this, at ten paces, could not have been noticed. That which she had seen amid the stems,

and leaves, and trailing vines of the thicket was the basilisk gaze of two pairs of dark, fierce eyes that looked out from hideously-painted countenances, fastened gloatingly

They were, she knew, two, perhaps more, Indian warriors in ambush waiting the mo-

ment to strike their swift and deadly blows. The first impulse of the poor girl was to fly, to try and reach her father's cabin in time to give the alarm, but a moment's con-sideration showed her how futile would be

Perhaps they were waiting for darkness, else why had they not already swooped down upon her! And then—and ah! what a thrill of deadly terror shot through her heart—Harry would be there in a moment, and he, too, would be sacrificed.

All this passed through her brain in an instant, and even as it did so, she heard a well-known footstep ascending the hill, and a brave, strong voice singing a song that he knew she loved.

How should she act? Should she fly to meet him and thus precipitate the awful peril, or should she wait until he was near enough to hear her whispered warning?

No time was to be lost, and the brave girl decided upon the latter alternative.

She saw, with delight, that Harry carried his rifle resting in the hollow of the left arm, the readlest way for instant use, and

so, with a muttered prayer, she calmly waited his approach. The Indians evidently fancied themselves as yet unseen, and this she knew was all that prevented an instant attack-

Nellie! Harry!" And they were seated, side by side, upon the rustic seat.

Now was the time if ever, and as the young hunter prepared to lean his rifle against the tree, Nellie leaned slightly forward and whispered:
"Don't start! Keep your rifle in your hands! There are Indians in the thicket on our left."

A life of constant peril amid scenes where to think was to act, had rendered Harry

Searl equal to any emergency, and he was

With a careless motion he swung the heavy piece across his lap, the muzzle in the direction of the threatened danger. "How many?" he asked, as he lifted his arm and pointed off toward the southern horizon as though directing attention to some beauty in the darkening landscape.

"Two, perhaps more," was the low reply.
"Where are they?" he again asked, his

"Where are they?" he again asked, his arm still outstretched.

"At the foot of the tall oak—"

"Very well. Now listen, my brave girl, and be firm. When I say 'jump,' spring by in front of me, and get quickly behind the trunk of the tree. Do you understand?"

"Be ready! Now then — jump!" he shouted, leaping to his feet and facing the concealed foe, while Nellie, swift as a deer, shot by him and was under cover.

As Harry wheeled round he brought the

As Harry wheeled round he brought the rifle to his face, and as the Indians, totally surprised, strove to break through the tangled brush, he ran his eye along the barrel

gled brush, he ran his eye along the barrel and touched the trigger.

The sharp crack of the piece was echoed by an unearthly yell, and as the smoke lifted he saw one savage in his death-agonies upon the ground, and the other rushing upon him with uplifted tomahawk.

The Indian was a tall, powerful fellow, and Harry saw at a glance that the contest was destined to be short, sharp and decisive; either one or the other must fall and that either one or the other must fall and that quickly. At ten paces distant the warrior threw his weapon, but the young hunter was on the alert, and dodging, permitted the glittering ax to pass harmlessly by to be

lost in the depths of the ravine.

The savage quickly unsheathed his knife, while Harry still ching to the rifle which he

had clubbed, wielding the heavy weapon as though it had been a walking-stick. For a few moments the Indian played a wary game, leaping from side to side, and striving to get an opportunity to rush in to

The chance, as he thought, came, and with a startling whoop he dashed forward, only to receive a stunning blow upon the shoul-der. For an instant he staggered back, and let the knife fall from his nerveless grasp, the arm being paralyzed by the shock, and then, as though rendered desperate by defeat, he leaped forward regardless of all, and

closed in a death-grapple with his foe.

Harry was forced to drop the rifle, and then began a fearful struggle for mastery. Round and round they fought, first one and then the other obtaining a slight advantage, until in the various turnings and twistings the combatants stood upon the very brink

of the precipice. Another moment, and both had gone over, when suddenly aid came from an unexpect-ed quarter. Nellie had remained at her post behind the tree, almost helpless in her terror, and with eyes dilated, and breath suspended, had watched the conflict. She saw her lover's danger, as he stood upon the verge of the cliff, and with a cry to him to stand firm but one moment longer, she rushed to his side, and catching his belt with one hand, snatched his knife from its sheath with the other, and drove it with the force of a stronger arm deep into the sayage's

With a yell the doomed wretch loosed his hold and went over the giddy hight, while the brave girl, now that all danger was passed, sunk insensible at her lover's feet.

The Canon Fight.

BY TOM KEENE.

"It's a great mistake to suppose that an Indian can't be made to stand fire," said Tom Bascom, in reply to an assertion made by one of the party. "Pen an Indian, push by one of the party. "Pen an Indian, push him hard, and he becomes the most danger ous and determined foe on earth. Dick Bently, there," he continued, pointing to a tall, fine-looking trapper, that stood a little way off, "could tell you a story that would prove the point in question. We both were concerned in the affair, but, you know, Dick has a 'knack' of telling things better than almost anybody else.
"Ask him to tell it, Tom," said some

one. "Here, Dick!" called Bascom. "Come

"Here, Dick!" called Bascom. "Come here a moment."

"What's up?" demanded the trapper, slowly approaching the group.

"There has been a dispute here among the boys as to whether an Indian—a plain Indian we mean—can be made to stand cold steel and hot lead at close quarters," was the reply. "I said they could and would if necessity required it."

"And you were right," replied Bently, his deep, full voice sounding like a low rumbling of thunder. "An Indian can be the bravest man on earth. He will often do

what white men won't, and that is, sacrifice his life for the salvation or advancement of

"Yes, I alluded to the affair of Bloody Run, Dick, and told them that you and I had witnessed an instance of the kind."

We did that, and I'll wager my rifle against a paw-paw pop-gun that no ten white men that live can be found who

white men that live can be found who would do what those ten Apaches did that day." And the trapper sat down, took a huge chew of tobacco, evidently in preparation for telling the story.

The crowd drew round closely, eager to hear Dick Bently tell of one of his own exploits, a thing, by the by, that was very rare, and hence the more sought for.

"The thing took place up in the San Juan Mountains, at Campbell's pass, which, most all of you know, is one of the most remarkable passes in the West, being, in fact, nothing more than a canon, about fifty to seventy-five feet wide, maybe wider in places, that cuts right through the range, and is the only means of getting across within a day's ride upon either hand.

"Right in the mouth of the canon, or pass if you wish, stood a heavily-built log-

pass if you wish, stood a heavily-built log-cabin, double-doored and loop-holed, all ready for a regular siege. Who built this fort, and why it was built, I don't know, nor did I ever see anybody that did, but there it once stood, for it don't stand any

longer.
"I have told you all this that you might the better understand what followed.
"It was in the fall of 1852, and Tom Bascom, there, and I were serving the Government in the capacity of guides to a battalion of United States troops, who were on a sur-veying tour, with headquarters at Santa

"It was during one of our rests, that is, having gone over a certain amount of territory, the troop had gone into quarters in the city to recuperate, that word was brought in that

to recuperate, that word was brought in that a wagon-train had been attacked by a large war-party, and were holding out as best they could until assistance came.

"In less than half an hour we were off, sixty strong, and as game and well mounted a set of dare-devils as ever I had the pleasure of showing how to follow their noses.

"We rode hard, you may depend, and got in hearing of the firing before the fight was over, but they must have been the last shots fired, for when we pulled up among the burning wagons, there was but one the burning wagons, there was but one living soul about the place, other than our-selves, and he was wounded so bad that he

just had strength to point toward the mountains westward, when he, too, went under.

"Bah! 'twas a sickening sight, and, I thought Tom, there, would certainly swear himself blind, but he was not much worse then the others for we were all shout as than the others, for we were all about as mad as a pack of bald hornets.

"Thirty-two of them, men, women and children, lay about among the blazing wagons, and every one of them scalped and

otherwise horribly mutilated.
"From the wounded man's sign we knew that the Indians were making for Campbell's pass, and after looking to make sure that none were alive, we let out on a hard run,

that in three hours brought us in sight of the band.
"You see, they had loaded themselves

"You see, they had loaded themselves down with plunder and could not travel any thing like as fast as they usually do.
"The Sierras were looming up some five or six miles ahead when we first sighted the Apaches, and we hoped to overhaul them, before they reached the pass, but we didn't, and had the mortification of seeing them plunge in about the time we got fairly in range and opened a brisk fire with carbines.
"We knew that it was only a question of time as to overtaking them, and so pushed time as to overtaking them, and so pushed ahead, until the first thing we knew a couple of saddles were emptied by a brisk fire from

the log-cabin standing, as I have said, right in the mouth of the canon. I never was so astonished in all my life. The idea of the Indians making a stand, and that in the face of sixty regulars, was something altogether unusual, and I didn't

know what to make of it; at first I didn't, but a second's thought made it all plain.

"The whole band had not halted, of that I was certain. A squad of them had taken the old ranch to hold the pass until the main body could get off with the plunder.

"I told the captain how matters stood, and it was determined to storm the hut, for we could not get past as long as the garrison

were there, at least not without heavy loss. "Fifty of the men were dismounted and drawn up in open order for charging, while the remainder held the animals, which they were to bring up as soon as the place was

"Not to make the story too long, I will merely say that at them we went, a man dropping out every now and then, for the rascals shot uncommon well, and at last we reached the hut, and began on the doors

with our hatchets.
"The Indians fought game, and we had a rough time of it before the door began to 'But, yield it did, at last, and as it fell, we went in in a body to be met with a stunning volley that stretched three or four of the

poor fellows on the boards, dead as mack-"I have been in a heap of skirmishes and hand-to-hand tussles, but I never yet saw any thing like the way those Indians fought.
"The hut was literally jammed full of combatants, and as there was no room for using the saber, we took to our revolvers

and knives.
"Pretty soon the room became so thick with smoke that it was impossible to tell friend from foe, and I have always thought that some of the fellows went down before

their comrades' pistols.

"Such shouting and yelling, screeches, howls and curses, I hope never to hear again.
"The Indians fought like demons. They

were there, deliberately, to allow themselves to be killed, and of course fought on utterly to be killed, and of course fought on unterly regardless of life.

"But, one by one they fell, until there remained a single warrior, a tall, fine-looking fellow he was, too, as I saw him through the smoke, who had backed up into the corner, and stood with uplifted tomahawk

ready to spring.
"He was so brave, so devilishly game, that we hated to kill him, and the captain

stepped forward to offer terms.

"Twas a foolish thing. The leap of the panther is not quicker than the spring the Indian made for the officer's throat. His left hand clutched its hold, while, with a rapid circle, he brought the ax down, cleavnecessity required it."

"And you were right," replied Bently, his deep, full voice sounding like a low rumbling of thunder. "An Indian ean be the bravest man on earth. He will often do the bravest man on earth. He will often do the bravest man on earth. The mind and the bravest man of the very chin. The next moment Tom Bascom drove his knife through the treacherous dog's heart. "That ended it, but the rest got clear off, booty and all."



A SONG.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

What shall I sing about, say?
(Something to sing of I've not).
Something that's funny and gay?
Something that's solemn or what?
Lambs, geese, poodles, or which?
Men, women, children, or who?
Or a lie that's decidedty rich?
Or something that's mournful but true?

What shall I sing about, say?
If I sing about nothing or less,
It doesn't much matter to me,
So I'll straight go to singing by guess;—
Warm weather they're having in Greenland,
And cold are India's sunny fountains;
But it's not a wint better in Finland,
Where fishes slide down on the mountains.

The headache I've got in my foot,
As sure as the sun shone all night,
A grindstone's the same to a blind man
As a little black dog that's all white.
I have found that a girl don't object
To have a mustache on her lip—
That I've tried it please do not suspect,
For you know I'm as meek as a sheep.

A man in a bramble-bush jumped
And scratched one or both of his eyes out;
(This story will surely be true
When you scratch the superfluous lies out.)
And when he found out they were ont,
Why, straight to the bramble he flies back,
And jumps in and scratching his own back,
He also scratched both of his eyes' back.

If I had a rebarkated obta of his eyes had.
If I had a rebarkated on his head,
I'd pat with a club on his head,
His tail he would prettily wag.
And then he would keel over, dead.
But I'm singing by guess, and my notes
Have the beauty of being not long,
And while I have nothing to sing of,
Why, you can take this for a song.

The General's Ward.

BY CAPT. CHAS. HOWARD.

"HARK! what mean those reports of firearms? Are the Americans so near our dwelling, uncle?"

The beautiful Mexican girl started back, and gazed, with a frightened look, into her guardian's face.

The old warrior smiled, and brought the

rosy color back to her cheeks with a kiss, as

he answered: Have no fears, Almedia. The American army is no nearer; us than Saltillo. The firing means that my brave rancheros have intercepted one or more of the blue-coated couriers, bearing dispatches from Wool to Worth, or vice versa. I regret that my wound prevents me from taking the field; but I can be of some service to beloved Mexico, at home. Knowing that General Wool will find his march to Chihuahua obstructed by the impassable Sierra Madre, and that he will seek to join Worth at Saltillo, I posted ten rancheros in the mountains to capture couriers passing between the two armies, and bring them to me to— yes, to die!"

Almedia was about to speak, when the tramp of horses smote her ears, and gazing down into the moonlit valley, from the ter-raced-porch, upon which she stood, she beheld a band of troopers cantering toward

the dwelling.
"Ha! they come, they come!" cried the old General, espying the approaching band. "And they return victorious, for I see a bound man in their midst."

"See, with what a noble air he occupies the saddle, uncle. He seems more the con-queror than the conquered!" "What! Almedia," cried Vegas, a flush

of anger mantling his face; "dost thou be-stow praise upon the enemies of thy dis-tracted country?"

"Pardon me, dear uncle," said the girl, quickly, seeing that she had offended her warrior-relative. "I wish I had not spoken; but words once uttered can not be re-"Enough, my pretty ward; I pardon

you. But let us be silent now, for the American is very near." The next moment the commander of the rancheros spurred his steed to the edge of

the porch and saluted the General.
"I report eight rancheros and a prisoner to your excellency," said the captain. to your excellency," said the captain.
"Eight!" cried the General; "where are

They sleep among the mountains with American bullets in their heads. The blue coat fought like a tiger; but we mastered

"Escort him within, Malerido. I would see the villain who slew two of my brave

The ranchero captain returned to the band which had drawn rein at no great distance, and escorted his prisoner to the porch As the General stepped into the moonlight to obtain a good view of the features of the courier, a deadly pallor flitted across Alme-dia's face, and she fled into the house, lest her guardian might hear the name which

was about to part her lips. But she restrained herself until she reached her chamber, where she almost shricked the name of the American prisoner:

Butler Hardinge! Two years prior to the opening of our story, she and her guardian made a tour of the United States, and in the fashionable circles of the Quaker City she met Lieuten-ant Butler Hardinge, U. S. A. He escorted her, the beautiful Mexican heiress, to many places of interest, in Philadelphia, and se-cretly followed her to New York and so far north as Bangor. More than once she met the handsome lieutenant, on a leave of ab-sence—met him clandestinely, in Boston and other cities of the New England States, and knew that he loved her.

But he never declared his passion-never breathed into her ears the story of his ador ation. Before he was aware of the fact that his leave of absence had expired, he was summoned to his regiment, stationed at

some frontier point. Had the stern rules of the military per mitted him to remain a day longer in the smiles of Almedia, he would have declared his love, and heard from her lips the swee

assurance that she had loved him from the hour when first they met. But now he was a prisoner, and beneath the same roof that sheltered her!

She knew her uncle to be a relentless man, and, at the same time, a patriot. A wound received at Resaca de la Palma had caused his withdrawal from the army for a time, during which he already had captured sev eral American couriers whom he had exe-

Up to the present time. Almedia had not plead for the life of a single prisoner. She loved her country—believed that it had received manifold wrongs at the hands of the United States, and that the Federal armies were bands of invaders, whose reception should be the scaffold and the bullet.

those who had been executed; but should he perish on the scaffold without her speak-

ing a word for his life?
No, no, no! She would plead for the life of the man she loved, though he wore a uniform she abhorred, and if pleading did not save him, bravery and cunning might. She would risk her life for his!

Thus she thought, as the minutes flitted by, and at last, tired with thinking, she sought her downy couch, while the young lieutenant restlessly paced the stony floor of a dungeon beneath the old mansion. At last dawn chased the tiresome night

away, and Almedia rose to plead for the life of her soldier-lover. She found her guardian seated in an armchair of antique pattern, before the hearth. He greeted her with a kindly recognition,

and, in a moment, she had broached the subject nearest her heart. What !" cried the old General, starting to his feet; "do I hear aright? Almedia, do you plead for the life of one of Mexico's hated foes? Now he shall surely die. With the rising of another sun the fatal noose drops over his head, and he dances on Mexico's

Sternly the veteran spoke, and Almedia threw herself in tears before him. Summoning love and eloquence to her aid, she entreated her guardian to spare his prison-er's life; but the stout heart remained un-

touched. Tears and entreaties will avail you nothing, girl," he said, looking down upon her with unpitying eyes. "Cease! I com-mand it. The accursed American shall

"He shall not die!" Almedia muttered, as she left the room and returned to her chamber.

She was determined to attempt a rescue the coming night, and, with ill-concealed anxiety awaited the arrival of the gloomy

The old General retired early, as was his wont, and when the ancient clock proclaimed the hour of ten, Almedia was the only occupant of the mansion who had not yielded to the wooings of the drowsy god.

Butler Hardinge was not asleep. He

knew that the General had set apart the coming morn for his execution. Chained to the clammy wall of the circular dungeon, he knew that it was folly to attempt to escape unaided. He heard the tread of the sentry before the iron door, and gave him-self up for lost. But all was not lost; a sweet angel was hastening to his rescue.

American soldier, she found no goardian to upbraid her with unfaithfulness to the Mexican cause.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Ned Brady's Leap. A TALE OF THE PHANTOM CLIFF.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

Away up on the head-waters of the Rio Brazos there is a short range of rugged hills, or rather mountains—for in more than one instance the lofty peaks are entitled to that name—the largest of which is known among

the hunters and trappers as Phantom Hill.

Many times, by the camp-fire, I had heard
my companions—men who had spent the
greater part of their lives on the border—
speak in mysterious tones of Phantom Hill, always in a manner that could but impress one with the belief that there was something extraordinary connected with the place.

More than once I had sought information on the subject, but they all evinced a de-cided aversion to talk about it, and after being rebuffed once or twice, I was forced to give it up.

At length, however, chance threw in my way an old trapper who, when applied to, readily promised the story of the Phantom Hill; and so, one night, when the others had sought their blankets, the old man related the following narrative, the truth of which he solemnly vouched for:
"Well how the story or's and one and

"Well, boy, the story ar' a sad one, an' from sartin reasons thar ain't many of us what likes to talk about it," began the trapper, as we seated ourselves upon our saddles a little way out on the prairie; "but I war n't ever skerry about talkin' about or facin' a live man, an' I don't see why I should be

afeard to tell about a dead one.

"But you hev been on the border long enough to know that we old fellers get to be what they calls superstitious, an' that's the reason, I reckon, why they don't like to fetch up the name of a man who goes wanderin' about arter he has been dead these

five-and-twenty year.

"Thar never lived a better nor a braver man than Ned Brady, an' I'll ventur' to say that he hadn't a enemy, 'mong the whites,

an' thet's what made him in sech a hurry to git back.
"He must hev rode hard, for, to'ards sun-

down of the next day, he struck the hill country not more'n twenty mile from his

"An' here it war thet the poor feller got the first idea of what hed been goin' on at home.

"As he rose the hill arter crossin' a little crick, he caught sight of a big black thing—a b'ar he thought first off—comin' up, but a minit later he see'd it war the dog.

"The poor brute hed been chopped almost to pieces wi' a tomahawk, an' war bleedin' yet. It could scarcely crawl, but it knowed Ned, an' the minit it see'd him, it sot up the awfulest howlin' imagernable.

"Ned saw it all at a glimpse. That dog wouldn't never hev left the wife an' little 'un as long as they war livin'.

"The Comanch' wur on the war-path, an' his cabin had been burnt!

"Well, lad, I needn't hang fire on this

part uv the yarn. "Ned Brady found only a lot uv smokin' logs whar his home hed been, an', as he lay in cover—for you see he wur too old a hand to go an' run his own head under the imps' tomahawks-he saw the Comanch' dodgin' about 'mong the bushes, waitin' for him to come in with the plunder they knowed he'd

"That wur it. They hed watched his movements, murdered the wife an' little 'un, an' wur now hankerin' arter the powder an'

lead, an' things he'd traded for.
"It must 'a' been a awful thing for a man to come back to his home an' them as he loved best of enny on the airth, an' find one burnt to the ground, an' t'other murdered

an' skulped.
"He knowed they warn't prisoners. The dog wouldn't 'a' budged a inch as long as any one was livin'. He had seen 'em go down under the red devils' axes, an' then

come to meet his master an' tell him as well as he could in his way. For two or three hours Ned Brady lay

in the brush an' waited.
"By-an'-by the streaks along the tree-tops to the east ard showed thet day wur break-in', an' then he got up to try an' take what revenge he could on them as had murdered the on'y ones in the world as he cared for. The Injuns, tired out wi' the'r devilish work, hed laid down 'bout the burnin' timmer, on the whole border.

"He came out from the States soon arter the war between the Texans an' Greasers, leavin' one warrior on guard, an' him they posted a leetle way down the gully, to'ard the lower eend.



THE GENERAL'S WARD.

The time-worn pendulum was still quivering with its last exertion, when the General's ward glided from the mansion, and bent her steps toward the stables. Entering one, she saddled two coal-black steeds, which she led down into the valley. Then she returned to her chamber, from which she presently emerged and entered the eor-

ridor, leading to the dungeon. She did not grope along the dark passages, for she bore a taper boldly. Suddenly the guard before the prison door commanded her to pause. She obeyed, and a moment later displayed a bottle of wine. The ranchero's eyes flashed as they fell upon the sparkling contents of the bottle, and instinctively he stretched forth his hand. Almedia drew nearer, gave him the bottle, and saw him quaff the wine at a single draught. A smile of satisfaction stole over her face, as the burly sentinel sunk to the ground in a sleep, from which there would be no wak-

ing for many hours.

Then she relieved his pockets of the keys, threw wide the prison door, and appeared like a vision, to the death-condemned.

"Almedia!" cried the soldier, folding her to his heart. "Then I am beneath thy roof! Has time dealt so unkindly with thy guarlian that I did not recognize him?

"The present moment is not the time for questions, Butler," she said, interrupting him. "The horse sawait us in the valley.

Let us go."
Noiselessly they left the mansion, and oon stood beside the steeds.
"Where were you going, Butler, when

captured To Saltillo." Assist me to mount Montezuma, and we

"What! are you going with me?" he cried, gazing with strange interest upon her. "Why not? Were I to return to my dwelling, my guardian's sword might pierce my keart. Butler Hardinge, I unite my fate with yours. Time flies, and day is not

far distant. Away, away!" He kissed her, as he grasped the bridle, and a minute afterward they were flying down the dark road toward Saltillo. All night they rode, and with the first glimmerings of day, drew rein before the headquar-ters of General Worth.

When Wool formed a junction with Worth, Butler Hardinge rejoined his regiment, and served with credit the remainder of the war. Almedia was constantly at her lover's side, and the soldiers called her

guardian angel. should be the scaffold and the bullet.

Fate had placed her lover in her guardian's power. He was an American, like

At Buena Vista General Vegas received his death-wound, and when Almedia returned to the old mansion, the wife of the

fetchin' along his wife an' little darter, who was about four, or mebby five year old, an' a big black dog that they said was of a kind of breed from away North somewhar.

"I dunno whar the brute kem from, nor what his stock war, but I do say thet if he warn't human, he was the next thing to it, for of all the smart animiles that I ever see'd, he war sartinly the knowingest.

little curly-headed thing she was-would 'a done your heart good.

Brady fell to work, an' before the first norther kem down, he had up a snug shanty, all ready for the wife an' little 'un to go in-You see, he had left 'em up at the old fort at the forks until he got the cabin ready "It war a ventur'som' thing to take them two away out into the Injun country like that, but Nedsaid as how if he didn't bother the red-skins, he reckoned they would give him the go-by.
"Besides which, he had showed good

sense in locatin' the ranche, an' it did look as if he war safe from the Injuns, pervidin' they didn't regular set to work to hunt it up, which warn't likely.

"Thar is a deep gully—you mou't almost call it a canyon—between two of the hills on the lower eend of the range—I mean the one in which the Phantom Hill lies—an' up this gully, whar the timmer an' chapparal was heaviest, Ned fixed the spot to build on. Five-and-twenty year ago the country round the head of the Brazos warn't what it ar' now. Then thar was game, from a buffler down to a fox-squir'l, an' plenty uv it, an' thar was the Comanch' favorite hunt-

"But I reckon you're wantin' me to get at the Phantom Hill, an' so I will, right away. You see, I had to tell you all this, so as

you'd understan' what comes arterward For three year Ned Brady hunted an trapped, an' three times had he left the wife an' little 'un in care of the dog, and gone down to Chadbourn with the pelts. last season had been an unkimmonly good one, an' when he got ready to start for the post again, he found thet he'd hev to take both hosses, as one couldn't begin to tote all the pelts.

'One mornin' airly he started, leavin' the two standin' in the door a-watchin' till he struck the timmer an' war lost to sight. 'It war the last time he see'd the wife

an' little 'un alive. "Ned made the trip in good time, sold out right away, loadin' up the plunder he war to take back, an' struck out for home. He told some of the boys at the fort that he didn't feel right, somehow er other. He kept thinkin' thet it warn't all safe at home,

"Ned could 'a' shot the imp whar he sot, but one life warn't goin' to pay for all they'd done.

Leavin' the place he had watched from, he crept down the slope an' struck the gully a leetle, below whar the Comanch' was on

You know, lad, that a man has got to be mighty sly to get in reach uv a warrior on post, but Ned Brady was the man to do it, an' when he slipped one arm round the imp's throat, chokin' back the yell, an' druv his knife home with t'other one, the Injun never knowed what struck him, or from whar it hed come.

"The road war now open, an' his enemies war in his power. "He didn't expect to kill 'em all; he

couldn't do that, he knowed; but he was goin' to make more nor one widder, an' cause a power of howlin' in a Comanch' Picking up the red-skin's rifle, he crawl-

ed up the gully, an' arter a bit he got a good stand from whar he could sight ev'ry warrior in the party "They were lyin' around thick, an' all asleep. That he stood for a long time s'archin' each one all over as he lay. He

war lookin' to see at which one's girdle was the skulps of his wife an' little 'un. 'At last he sighted 'em. Both of 'em were strung onto the belt of a big warrior that lay about the middle of the little open in front of whar the cabin had stood. "He was the one as had torn the long dark ha'r from his wife's head, and the yal-

ler curls from his child's head, an' he war the one that must die first. Ned Brady knew the chances war all against him arter he should fire-not one in a thousand thet he could get cl'ar, but he didn't count on doin' it, though he did mean

to make an effort. "Four miles away to the north'ard he knew of a place where, ef he could re'ch it he mout throw the Comanch' off. It would be a foot-race, for he'd keep to the hills an thar the red-skins couldn't foller on hoss

"Somethin' like that Ned Brady thought es he laid both rifles across a log, one uv 'em p'inting at the breast uv a warrior clost by, an' t'other one draw'd on the head of the one with the skulps.

"Both rifles cracked at the same time, an without waitin' to see what the damage war, Ned slipped off in the brush an' made down the gully to cross it at the lower eend "As he broke cover the imps seen him, an' by the time he'd re'ched the other side they wur arter him wuss'n a full pack arter

"Four mile, hill and holler at thet, ar' a tough race, an' thar ain't many as can hold out, but Ned Brady could; an', what's more, he did, an' when he struck the foot uv the mountain, the Comanch' wur half a mile

"Up he went, heading fur a place he know'd of, whar, ef a man could hide from a Injun, he could do it thar.

"It wur a cave wi' a double mouth. Two caves mebby a-leadin' into one another. "Here Ned rested an' listened fur the yelps of the Comanch', but they hed quit, all at one't, an' he know'd thet was a bad

sign. An' so it was. He had hardly cachered afore the Comanch' was onto him.

"How they struck his trail ar' a mystery, but strike it they did, an' then when they found they'd treed the'r game for sartin, they jess opened again and made the range howl with the'r cussed rumpus, an' so the thing got narrered down to a very small p'int. "Thar was but one thing left fur Ned, an'

thet war to kill what he could an' then go under like the man as he was. "Es the Comanch' kem scramblin' up the rocks, headin' full in fur the cave, Ned got a bead on the fo'most one and throw'd

him cl'ar over the precipice near by whar he "Then he put back through the cave and from t'other eend he downed another 'un.

"But, this game was soon played out. When he left the lower cave the last time the Comanch' follered, and he was forced "They pushed the brave fellow clost, first from one cliff to another, and then from thar still higher up, an' so on till they had cornered him, an' then he turned and

'All this we got from one uv the Comanch' we took arterwards, an' Dubois yonder translated the yarn fur us. "The Injun said that when he did turn,

he looked jess like, er wuss, 'n a mad catamount or grizzly.
"For a time the warriors wouldn't close in onto him; but, arter a while, they made

the'r rush. "Ned was, by this time, on the very tiptop p'int uv the peak, not much standin'-room nuther, an' jess behind him there wur a precipice, five hundred foot deep ef it wur a inch. As the Comanch' charged, Ned fired for the last time, rubbed out one more

of the imps, an' then stepped for ard to the edge, with his clubbed rifle.

"Two went down under it, an' then when the bar'll broke loose from the stock an' went skeetin' down the rocks, he drapped the piece uv maple, rushed for'ard, an' gruppin' a big warrior, the chief I believe it war, drug him to the edge uv the cliff an

both went over together.
"'Twur the last blow poor Ned Brady struck, but it war a powerful one. 'An' now the curiousest part of the story

You know the hill that Ned Brady lep' off'n is called Phantom Hill, an' it ar' called so bekase the spirits of him an' his wife an' little 'un has often been seen by our fellows,

wanderin' about the place, sometimes singly, an' then ag'in, all together.

"The boys don't like to go around thar, an' you know they don't like to talk of it, an' I don't wonder, no, not a bit I don't."

"Twice a year the phantoms are seen, moving slowly, sadly along the mountain brow or in the valley below; an' I her heard that more'n one't the figger uv a big black dog has been seen trotting alongside uv 'em.

Thet, my lad, ar' the story of Phantom Hill. It ain't much uv a yarn, to be sure, but it ar' a true one, an' a sad one at thet.'

Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I was the editor of the Spirit of the 4th of July, a paper of considerable pressure in the village of Dedbroak, my cotemporary of the Weakly Constitution once spoke of my ears in a manner which I allow no man except my wife to do. Knowing he was a coward of the deepest dye (warranted fast colors), and that he wouldn't fight for love or spite, I sent him the following wrathful and annihilating letter:

"Bibb, Esq.:
"Dear Sir—My honor calls for blood to the last drop in your body. Name your weapons, and fix the date. I mean business. "Beat Time."

To which he replied:

"Beat Time:
"Dear Sir—Business is business; for weapons I choose pistols, and will meet you gladly at 9 o'clock to-morrow in the woods over the river, when I will give you a start 'over the river' where your childhood's idols are waiting for you. I replied:

"Dear Sir-You evidently intended to pass a "Dear Sir—You evidently intended to pass a compliment upon me in the paragraph in question, but, probably the printer made it read differently. Is not this the case? I shall meet you there. Think of your family! Couldn't you have made the time earlier? I ache to give you the fatal shot. Think what a disgrace it will be to be killed in a duel! Would that we it will be to be killed in a due!! Would that we were face to face now! Reflect on what you are about to do! My aim is good. Remember your life is not insured! I thirst for your blood, but do not be too rash! Respectfully, "BEAT TIME."

To this he wrote:

"Beat Time:
"Dear Sir—As you are impatient I will say
that a deadly meeting can be arranged to take
lace two hours from now.

BIBB." To which I returned this note of carnage:

"My DEAR MR. BIBB:
"Please make the time an hour earlier; my compositors are all tired out holding me, and have sat down to rest. Was it your original intention to load the pistols with balls? I have intention to load the pistols with balls? I have instructed my second, whom I am willing should be first, not to be particular about it as it is a matter of perfect indifference to me—perfect indifference; though it might be better on all sides, including insides, if balls were not insisted upon. I think of your family, you see, if you do not. I never was more cool. Couldn't it be arranged to have the first meeting without ristols? Yours with high esteem. pistols? Yours, with high esteem, "BEAT TIME."

He backed out, as I expected.

IF a patriarch is a sire, then is not his

wife a siren? If not then, whence? Some grocers are close in every thing ex-

cept their weights. THE "shells of ocean" which so inspired the pen of the poet were turtle-shells—a

soup-erior theme To prevent sea-sickness-make your voyages by land.

To cure a cough—salt it down BEAT TIME Tearfully,